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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Lemon Drop Kid

a short story by

Damon Runyon

FEB. 3, 1934

NEW



..the Refrigerator with a Place for Everything.

The 20th ANNIVERSARY KELVINATOR

"**W**HAT a beautiful refrigerator" — this is what you are going to say when you see this new Kelvinator. Perhaps, you have already said it, or thought it, as you admired the charm and good taste of its modern design, so evident in the illustrations on this page.

It is beautiful, which is important, but you don't buy an electric refrigerator for its beauty alone. *Usefulness* comes first.

The 20th Anniversary Kelvinator is the refrigerator with a place for everything. Look at the bottom shelf, with its chrome-fronted Food File. On the left is the Dairy Section, for butter, eggs, etc. In the center, the Crisper, for vegetables. And on the right, the Thrift Tray, with its unique containers where left-overs can be kept for future use. On the next shelf is the new KeepCold Pastry Set, with the refrigerated rolling pin. And on the second shelf from the top is the crockery jug for drinking water.

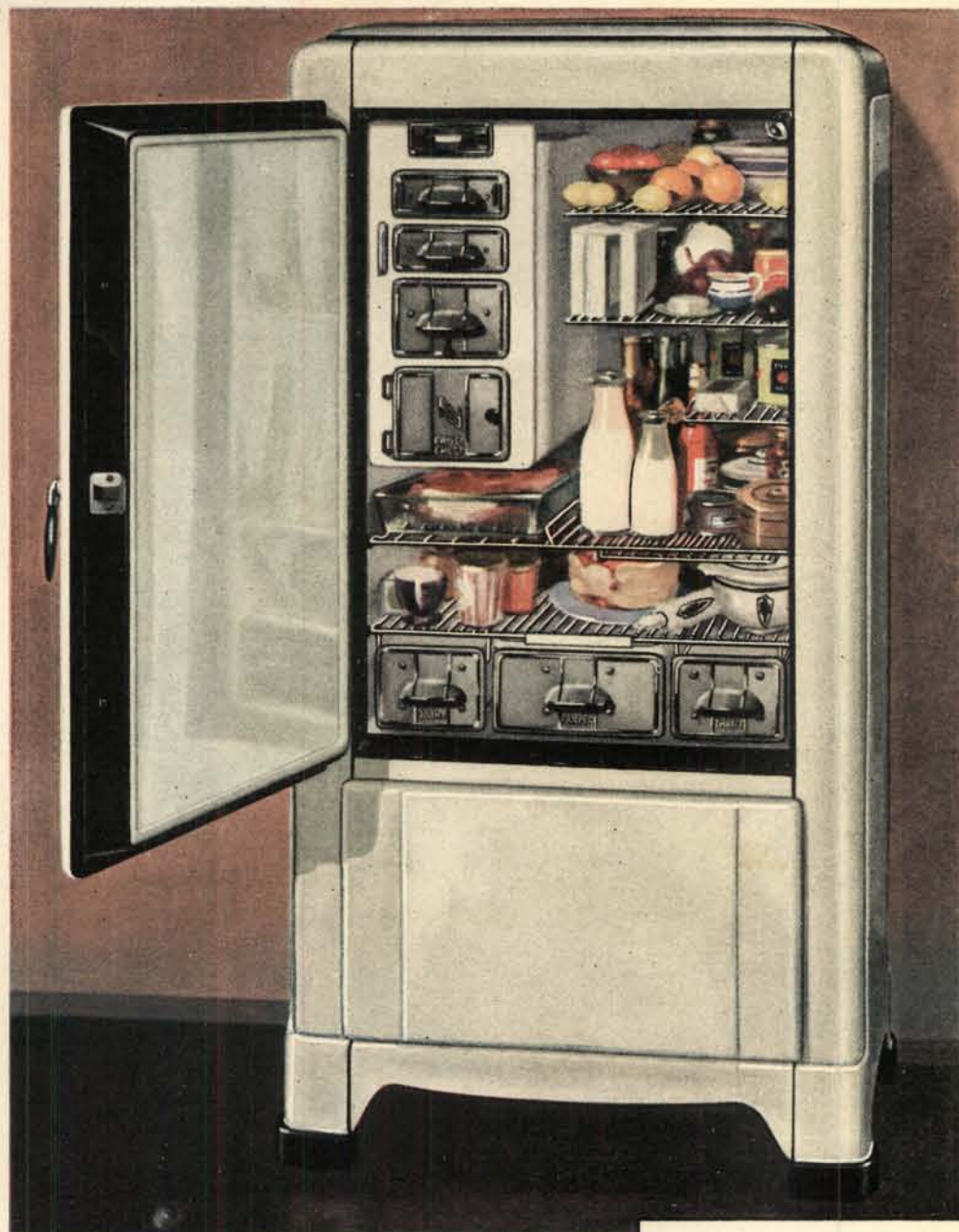


A place to keep fish or meat fresh — the Frost Chest, with a below-freezing temperature.

In the Frost Chest, you can keep fish or meat fresh indefinitely. And in the World's Fastest Freezing Speed Tray (second from top) you can freeze ice cubes in about 80 minutes, hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. In this new Kelvinator you "file your food" — a place for everything, and everything in its place.

We cordially invite you to visit the Kelvinator dealer and let him explain Kelvinator's "4 refrigerators in 1" and show you the many other features you will like in this 20th Anniversary Kelvinator.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.



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Delicious pastries and cookies can be made quicker and easier with the Kelvinator Pastry Set, with the refrigerated rolling pin.



A place to make frozen desserts and salads IN A HURRY — the Iso-Thermic Tube Tray which has World's Fastest Freezing Speed.

Consult your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" to locate our dealer

Carefree

KELVINATOR

4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1

4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1

Every DeLuxe Kelvinator is really "4 refrigerators in 1." One refrigerator provides for the safe preservation of food. Another has a constant below-freezing temperature, where meat can be kept indefinitely. The third gives you World's Fastest Freezing Speed. And the fourth refrigerator contains the fast freezing trays where large quantities of ice or frozen delicacies can be made.



Income—\$50,000 a year but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



This man didn't get into the \$50,000 class watching the clock. His company used to have to put him on a train by force to make him take a vacation. But busy as he's been for 37 years, he's taken time out every six months to go to a specialist for a complete physical examination. He can't afford to get sick. Yet the irony of it is that today he's a *Dental Cripple*.

He's a Dental Cripple not because he hasn't done everything specialists told him to do, in order to keep himself in fine *general* condition—but because when his dentist warned him several years ago that

“PINK TOOTH BRUSH” BEGAN IT—

“Pink tooth brush” is a threatening condition of the gums which should be dealt with at once. Use Ipana with massage

his flabby *gums* needed daily massage, he considered the suggestion trivial, and merely shrugged.

Later, his gums became so unhealthy and tender that they bled a little. When his dentist told him to massage his gums with Ipana every time he cleaned his teeth, he smiled and thought, “Absurd!”

He didn't know then that “pink tooth brush” is

often the forerunner of gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—that it warns of danger to sound teeth.

Consider your own gums. The soft foods of today—the well-cooked vegetables, cereals, ten-

der meats and delicate pastries—can't give the gums sufficient exercise. As your gums deteriorate, you are likely to notice “pink” on your tooth brush.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness to the tissues.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN Marcia Atwood came back from Reno, the bottom of the world had dropped out for her. She was still in love with Jerry and now she was no longer his wife.

The fault, she grimly decided, was hers. She had hurt his pride. Every time he had seen her picture on a magazine cover or a billboard it had made him fighting mad. He had not wanted his wife to pose—even when they desperately needed the money.

She had just been trying to help. But that, she saw now, had been the wrong way. And she had to make good her mistake. She had to get him back. Teresa Hyde Phillips tells the story of her heroic strategy in "Nothing from Reno."

THERE'S a great, machinery-filled room in Washington, a canyon of a room through which a golden torrent pours unceasingly night and day. Before the job is done nearly six hundred million dollars will have passed through it and gone out to ten thousand towns, villages, crossroads and lane-ends into the hands of the farmers. What becomes of the money after that? Walter Davenport has been traveling from state to state, tracing the course of this river of gold. Next week he reports the growth he saw springing up along its banks. To the farmer it's "Money in the Mail Box." And can he use it!

THERE are no finer-looking men along the Ulster coast—or elsewhere in the world, for the matter of that—than the Gilbreths. And John Gilbreth was the handsomest of the lot. There wasn't a girl, rich or poor, who wouldn't have taken him willingly. But Ulster fathers are dour men, and Ulster girls do what they are told. And that's how it was that John Gilbreth was setting off to Philadelphia in the morning—and leaving Kathleen behind. "I'll be back," he told her. "I'll devise a stylish way of landing on the island." And so he did—aided by the luck of the Irish and five hundred head of cattle. You'll be watching him with W. A. S. Douglas.

REVEREND Sin Splitter Samuel was perplexed. In front of him the road forked, one branch leading to the hills, where there awaited a mighty harvest for the Lord but very little food; the other to the river bottoms, where you waded in sin—and got plenty to eat. Roark Bradford reports his decision.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, Freling Foster, Alan LeMay, George Agnew Chamberlain, Eddie Cantor and David Freedman add to the general hilarity. Margaret Widdemer writes the Short Short Story. And that, needless to say, is not all.

This Week

February 3, 1934

Cover by Scott Evans

DAMON RUNYON

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The First Commandment. Heroic combat in a lost city. Page 10

JOHN T. FLYNN

Home, Sweeter Home. Handsome profits in sweetness and light. Page 12

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GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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ALAN LeMAY

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EDITORIAL

Man to Man. Page 50

Any Week

"THIS city," reports Mr. Joe Engle of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, "is rapidly losing its most famous characteristic. In times gone by, when change overtook every other section, we steadfastly refused to budge. But it's all different now. Even the great national sport, baseball, will be different here this year. The Athletics, going in strong for innovations, have decided to play the coming season without pitchers, but our Phillies go the A's one better—they have decided to hit the 1934 trail with no team at all. Watch us."

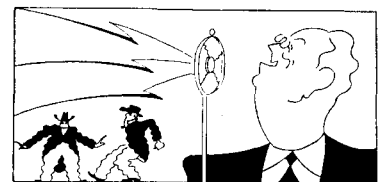
EMERGING from a burlesque show the other night, Mr. Leonard B. Norbeck of St. Louis got to talking with a gentleman. Inevitably, the talk soon turned to Collier's. Each agreed that it was a pretty good magazine but what caused Mr. Norbeck to write to us was his companion's comment about the cover of our December 23d issue. "He said," says Mr. Norbeck, "that he wouldn't stand for pictures of bare-legged chorus girls lying around his home for his wife and children to see. He was pretty indignant about it. Later I asked him how he liked the burlesque show and he said he went every week but wouldn't like the family to know it. Maybe you can find a moral or something in this."



AND Mr. Harry B. Smith, sports editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, invites us to inspect and rectify a slight error in our All-America football article. Mr. Dink Templeton, one of the authorities contributing to the information from which Grantland Rice compiled that mighty team, is not connected with the San Francisco Call-Bulletin as we had it, but with the Chronicle. Some of you, we suspect, will fail to see the over this bit of information, but we like to get these things straight.

ANY of you who may have seen Mr. David O. Sulzberger of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, chortling unduly recently will be glad enough of this explanation. It comes from Mr. Sulzberger himself. "What tickles me," says he, "is our senior Senator Dave Reed standing up in Congress and telling the world how many mistakes Roosevelt has made and is making. Dave thinks things in this country were swell before last March. That's thinking, Dave old boy, old boy."

HOWEVER, we are assured by Mr. Hal H. Peel of Hammond, Indiana, that the Old Guard will draw very little nourishment from such tactics. President Roosevelt will have the support of Congress, concedes Mr. Peel, and "if Congress should waver the President has only to get on the radio and tell the folks back home and believe me he will get action within forty-eight hours."



WHICH appears to close that argument and leave us free to inform you that Mrs. Harry T. Yarrow of Salt Lake City, Utah, would like a "thorough investigation into all this war talk. Who's going to fight and who says so? And why?" Mrs. Yarrow suspects that it emanates from teetering politicians, as usual. "I'm not talking war," declares she, "and neither are any of my neighbors. We gained nothing from the last war and we'll lose even that in another."

AND Mr. Ed Smith of Providence, Rhode Island, would appreciate knowing who called him up at 1:34 A. M., in his hotel in Washington. Mr. Smith was aroused from a sound sleep and the voice on his telephone asked: "Mr. Smith, don't you consider the word surplus to be superfluous on page 14?" Mr. Smith was not to be caught napping. "My dear sir," he replied, "it's practically archaic." Whereupon the voice thanked Mr. Smith, leaving him to wonder whether he hadn't been a bit hasty.

EXPERIENCES like that add nothing to one's peace of mind. We know how it is. Only the other day a man called us up and without preliminaries informed us in a pretty nasty tone that "sue and be damned, you can only have one of them." Then he hung up. You can imagine our feelings. We're pretty sure we don't want even one, no matter what they are.

BUT then, life is packed with mysteries. For example, here's Mr. J. C. Greenleaf of Bucksport, South Carolina, with a clipping from the Charleston News and Courier telling of a local physician "engrossed so in a serial in a popular magazine that he parked his car at Rutledge Avenue on Calhoun Street at 11:30 A. M. yesterday, to read the latest episode." And Mr. Greenleaf wants to bet that the magazine was—

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The more you want to do for her, the more difficult it often becomes to decide how much to spend for comfort and pleasure today and how much to put aside for the "tomorrows".

Has your wife the comfort of knowing that you have found a way, or will find the way, through a well-planned Program of Life Insurance, to provide for her continued financial protection?

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M I M E O G R A P H





While this is a little more extra weight than the kid figures on, he says his love is so terrific he can even stand for her papa, too

The Lemon Drop Kid

By Damon Runyon

A very romantic story indeed, and no laughing matter either, in spite of what Raris P. Griggsby—the man with the mouster—will tell you about it

I AM going to take you back a matter of four or five years ago to an August afternoon and the race track at Saratoga, which is a spot in New York state very pleasant to behold, and also to a young guy by the name of The Lemon Drop Kid, who is called The Lemon Drop Kid because he always has a little sack of lemon drops in the side pocket of his coat, and is always munching at same, a lemon drop being a breed of candy that is relished by many, although personally I prefer peppermints.

On this day I am talking about, The Lemon Drop Kid is looking about for business, and not doing so good for himself, at that, as The Lemon Drop Kid's

business is telling the tale, and he is finding it very difficult indeed to discover citizens who are willing to listen to him tell the tale.

And of course if a guy whose business is telling the tale cannot find anybody to listen to him, he is greatly handicapped, for the tale such a guy tells is always about how he knows something is doing in a certain race, the idea of the tale being that it may cause the citizen who is listening to it to make a wager on this certain race, and if the race comes out the way the guy who is telling the tale says it will come out, naturally the citizen is bound to be very grateful to the guy, and maybe reward him liberally.

Furthermore, the citizen is bound to

listen to more tales, and a guy whose business is telling the tale, such as The Lemon Drop Kid, always has tales to tell until the cows come home, and generally they are long tales, and sometimes they are very interesting and entertaining, according to who is telling them, and it is well known to one and all that nobody can tell the tale any better than The Lemon Drop Kid.

But old Cap Duhaine and his sleuths at the Saratoga track are greatly opposed to guys going around telling the tale, and claim that such guys are nothing but touts, and they are especially opposed to The Lemon Drop Kid, because they say he tells the tale so well that he weakens public confidence in

horse racing. So they are casing The Lemon Drop Kid pretty close to see that he does not get some citizen's ear and start telling him the tale, and finally The Lemon Drop Kid is greatly disgusted and walks up the lawn toward the head of the stretch.

And while he is walking, he is eating lemon drops out of his pocket, and thinking about how much better off he will be if he puts in the last ten years of his life at some legitimate dodge, instead of hopscotching from one end of the country to the other telling the tale, although just offhand The Lemon Drop Kid cannot think of any legitimate dodge at which he will see as much of life as he sees around the race tracks

since he gets out of the orphan asylum in Jersey City where he is raised.

At the time this story starts out, The Lemon Drop Kid is maybe twenty-four years old, and he is a quiet little guy with a low voice, which comes of keeping it confidential when he is telling the tale, and he is nearly always alone. In fact, The Lemon Drop Kid is never known to have a pal as long as he is around telling the tale, although he is by no means an unfriendly guy, and is always speaking to everybody, even when he is in the money.

But it is now a long time since The Lemon Drop Kid is in the money, or seems to have any chance of being in the money, and the landlady of the boarding house in Saratoga where he is residing is becoming quite hostile, and making derogatory cracks about him, and also about most of her other boarders, too, so The Lemon Drop Kid is unable to really enjoy his meals there, especially as they are very bad meals to start with.

Well, The Lemon Drop Kid goes off by himself up the lawn and stands there looking out across the track, munching a lemon drop from time to time, and thinking what a harsh old world it is, to be sure, and how much better off it will be if there are no sleuths whatever around and about.

It is a day when not many citizens are present at the track, and the only

one near The Lemon Drop Kid seems to be an old guy in a wheel chair, with a steamer rug over his knees, and a big, sleepy-looking stove lid who appears to be in charge of the chair.

This old guy has a big white mouser, and big white bristly eyebrows, and he is a very fierce-looking old guy, indeed, and anybody can tell at once that he is nothing but a curmudgeon, and by no means worthy of attention. But he is a familiar spectacle at the race track at Saratoga, as he comes out nearly every day in a limousine the size of a hearse, and is rolled out of the limousine in his wheel chair on a little runway by the stove lid, and pushed up to this spot where he is sitting now, so he can view the sport of kings without being bothered by the crowds.

IT IS well known to one and all that his name is Rarus P. Griggsby, and that he has plenty of potatoes, which he makes in Wall Street, and that he is closer than the next second with his potatoes, and furthermore, it is also well known that he hates everybody in the world, including himself, so nobody goes anywhere near him if they can help it.

The Lemon Drop Kid does not realize he is standing so close to Rarus P. Griggsby, until he hears the old guy growling at the stove lid, and then The Lemon Drop Kid looks at Rarus P. Griggsby very sympathetic and speaks to him in his low voice as follows:

"Gout?" he says.

Now of course The Lemon Drop Kid knows who Rarus P. Griggsby is, and under ordinary circumstances The Lemon Drop Kid will not think of speaking to such a character, but afterwards he explains that he is feeling so de-

spondent that he addresses Rarus P. Griggsby just to show he does not care what happens. And under ordinary circumstances, the chances are Rarus P. Griggsby will start hollering for the gendarmes if a stranger has the gall to speak to him, but there is so much sympathy in The Lemon Drop Kid's voice and eyes, that Rarus P. Griggsby seems to be taken by surprise, and he answers like this:

"Arthritis," Rarus P. Griggsby says. "In my knees," he says. "I am not able to walk a step in three years."

"Why," The Lemon Drop Kid says, "I am greatly distressed to hear this. I know just how you feel, because I am troubled from infancy with this same disease."

Now of course this is strictly the old ackamarackus, as The Lemon Drop Kid cannot even spell arthritis, let alone have it, but he makes the above statement just by way of conversation, and furthermore he goes on to state as follows:

"In fact," The Lemon Drop Kid says, "I suffer so I can scarcely think, but one day I find a little remedy that fixes me up as right as rain, and I now have no trouble whatsoever."

And with this, he takes a lemon drop out of his pocket and pops it into his mouth, and then he hands one to Rarus P. Griggsby in a most hospitable manner, and the old guy holds the lemon drop between his thumb and forefinger and looks at it as if he expects it to explode right in his pan, while the stove lid gazes at The Lemon Drop Kid with a threatening expression.

"Well," Rarus P. Griggsby says, "personally I consider all cures fakes. I have a standing offer of five thousand dollars to anybody that can cure me of my pain, and nobody even comes close so far. Doctors are also fakes," he says. "I have seven of them, and they take out my tonsils, and all my teeth, and my appendix, and they keep me from eating anything I enjoy, and I only get worse. The waters here in Saratoga seem to help me some, but," he says, "they do not get me out of this wheel chair, and I am sick and tired of it all."

THEN, as if he comes to a quick decision, he pops the lemon drop into his mouth, and begins munching it very slow, and after a while he says it tastes just like a lemon drop to him, and of course it is a lemon drop all along, but The Lemon Drop Kid says this taste is only to disguise the medicine in it.

Now, by and by, The Lemon Drop Kid commences telling Rarus P. Griggsby the tale, and afterwards The Lemon Drop Kid says he has no idea Rarus P. Griggsby will listen to the tale, and that he only starts telling it to him in a spirit of good clean fun, just to see how he will take it, and he is greatly surprised to note that Rarus P. Griggsby is all attention.

Personally, I find nothing unusual in this situation, because I often see citizens around the race tracks as prominent as Rarus P. Griggsby, listening to the tale from guys who do not have as much as a seat in their pants, especially if the tale has any larceny in it, because it is only human nature to be deeply interested in larceny.

And the tale The Lemon Drop Kid tells Rarus P. Griggsby is that he is a brother of Sonny Saunders, the jock, and that Sonny tells him to be sure and be at the track this day to bet on a certain horse in the fifth race, because it is nothing but a boat race, and everything in it is as stiff as a plank, except this certain horse.

Now of course this is all a terrible lie, and The Lemon Drop Kid is taking a great liberty with Sonny Saunders' name, especially as Sonny does not have any brothers, anyway, and even if Sonny

knows about a boat race the chances are he will never tell The Lemon Drop Kid, but then very few guys whose business is telling the tale ever stop to figure they may be committing perjury.

So The Lemon Drop Kid goes on to state that when he arrives at the track he has fifty bobs pinned to his wishbone to bet on this certain horse, but unfortunately he gets a tip on a real good thing in the very first race, and bets his fifty bobs right then and there, figuring to provide himself with a larger taw to bet on the certain horse in the fifth, but the real good thing receives practically a criminal ride from a jock who does not know one end of a horse from the other, and is beat a very dirty snoot, and there The Lemon Drop Kid is with the fifth race coming up, and an absolute cinch in it, the way his tale goes, but with no dough left to bet on it.

WELL, personally I do not consider this tale as artistic as some The Lemon Drop Kid tells, and in fact The Lemon Drop Kid himself never rates it among his masterpieces, but old Rarus P. Griggsby listens to the tale quite intently without saying a word, and all the time he is munching the lemon drop and smacking his lips under his big white mouser, as if he greatly enjoys this delicacy, but when The Lemon Drop



Well, there is no doubt that Rarus P. Griggsby has murder in his heart, and nobody blames The Lemon Drop Kid when he starts running away at great speed



Illustrated by Robert O. Reid



Kid concludes the tale, and is standing there gazing out across the track with a very sad expression on his face, Rarus P. Griggsby speaks as follows:

"I never bet on horse races," Rarus P. Griggsby says. "They are too uncertain. But this proposition you present sounds like finding money, and I love to find money. I will wager one hundred dollars on your assurance that this certain horse cannot miss."

And with this, he outs with a leather so old that The Lemon Drop Kid half expects a cockroach to leap out at him, and produces a C note which he hands to The Lemon Drop Kid, and as he does so, Rarus P. Griggsby inquires:

"What is the name of this certain horse?"

WELL, of course this is a fair question, but it happens that The Lemon Drop Kid is so busy all afternoon thinking of the injustice of the sleuths that he never even bothers to look up this particular race beforehand, and afterwards he is quite generally criticized for slovenliness in this matter, for if a guy is around telling the tale about a race, he is entitled to pick out a horse that has at least some kind of a chance.

But of course The Lemon Drop Kid is not expecting the opportunity of telling the tale to arise, so the question finds him unprepared, as offhand he cannot think of the name of a horse in the race, as he never consults the scratches, and he does not wish to mention the name of some plug that may be scratched out, and lose the chance to make the C note. So as he seizes the C note from Rarus P. Griggsby and turns to dash for the bookmakers over in front of the grandstand, all The Lemon Drop Kid can think of to say at this moment is the following:

"Watch No. 2," he says.

And the reason he says No. 2, is he figures there is bound to be a No. 2 in the race, while he cannot be so sure about a No. 7 or a No. 9 until he looks them over, because you understand that all The Lemon Drop Kid states in telling the tale to Rarus P. Griggsby about knowing of something doing in this race is very false.

And of course The Lemon Drop Kid has no idea of betting the C note on anything whatever in the race. In the

first place, he does not know of anything to bet on, and in the second place he needs the C note, but he is somewhat relieved when he inquires of the first bookie he comes to, and learns that No. 2 is an old walrus by the name of The Democrat, and anybody knows that The Democrat has no chance of winning even in a field of mud turtles.

So The Lemon Drop Kid puts the C note in his pants pocket, and walks around and about until the horses are going to the post, and you must not think there is anything dishonest in his not betting this money with a bookmaker, as The Lemon Drop Kid is only taking the bet himself which is by no means unusual, and in fact it is so common that only guys like Cap Duhaime and his sleuths think much about it.

Finally The Lemon Drop Kid goes back to Rarus P. Griggsby, for it will be considered most ungentle for a guy whose business is telling the tale to be absent when it comes time to explain why the tale does not stand up, and about this time the horses are turning for home, and a few seconds later they go busting past the spot where Rarus P. Griggsby is sitting in his wheel chair, and what is in front of the wire by a Salt Lake City block but The Democrat with No. 2 on his blanket.

WELL, old Rarus P. Griggsby starts yelling and waving his hands, and making so much racket that he is soon the center of attention, and when it comes out that he bets a C note on the winner, nobody blames him for cutting up these didos, for the horse is a 20 to 1 shot, but all this time The Lemon Drop Kid only stands there looking very, very sad and shaking his head, until finally Rarus P. Griggsby notices his strange attitude.

"Why are you not cheering over our winning this nice bet?" he says. "Of course I expect to declare you in," he says. "In fact I am quite grateful to you."

"But," The Lemon Drop Kid says, "we do not win. Our horse runs a jolly second."

"What do you mean, *second*?" Rarus P. Griggsby says. "Do you not tell me to watch No. 2, and does not No. 2 win?"

"Yes," The Lemon Drop Kid says, "what you state is quite true, but what I mean when I say watch No. 2 is that

No. 2 is the only horse I am afraid of in the race, and it seems my fear is well founded."

Now at this, old Rarus P. Griggsby sits looking at The Lemon Drop Kid for as long as you can count up to ten, if you count slow, and his mouser and eyebrows are all twitching at once, and anybody can see that he is very much perturbed, and then all of a sudden he lets out a yell and to the great amazement of one and all he leaps right out of his wheel chair and makes a lunge at The Lemon Drop Kid.

WELL, there is no doubt that Rarus P. Griggsby has murder in his heart, and nobody blames The Lemon Drop Kid when he turns and starts running away at great speed, and in fact he has such speed that finally his feet are throwing back little stones off the gravel paths of the race track with such velocity that a couple of spectators who get hit by these stones think they are shot.

For a few yards, old Rarus P. Griggsby is right at The Lemon Drop Kid's heels, and furthermore Rarus P. Griggsby is yelling and swearing in a most revolting manner. Then some of Cap Duhaime's sleuths come running up and they take after The Lemon Drop Kid, too, and he has to have plenty of early foot to beat them to the race track gates, and while Rarus P. Griggsby does not figure much in the running after the first few jumps, The Lemon Drop Kid seems to remember hearing him cry out as follows:

"Stop, there! Please stop!" Rarus P. Griggsby cries. "I wish to see you."

But of course The Lemon Drop Kid is by no means a chump, and he does not even slacken up, let alone stop, until he is well beyond the gates, and the sleuths are turning back, and what is

more, The Lemon Drop Kid takes the road leading out of Saratoga instead of going back to the city, because he figures that Saratoga may not be so congenial to him for a while.

In fact, The Lemon Drop Kid finds himself half regretting that he ever tells the tale to Rarus P. Griggsby, as The Lemon Drop Kid likes Saratoga in August, but of course such a thing as happens to him in calling a winner the way he does is just an unfortunate accident, and is not apt to happen again in a lifetime.

Well, The Lemon Drop Kid keeps on walking away from Saratoga for quite some time, and finally he is all tuckered out and wishes to take the load off his feet. So when he comes to a small town by the name of Kibbsville, he sits down on the porch of what seems to be a

(Continued on page 48)



The First Commandment

By R. G. Kirk

A gloriously fantastic story which will snap you back twenty thousand years to a drama of love and terror, in a land the world forgot

THE wire said, "You and Carmain come in. Abe stays."

So we flew in, leaving Abe Sax to get the balance of the news-reel pictures of a great catastrophe of wind and flood along the southern seaboard.

"I wonder what the He-Horse wants," I said to Bill Carmain.

"I feel a hunch," Bill said. "Brazil."

"Brazil? What's down there now?"

I asked. "Another spik revolution? They're not news. They're nuisance."

"Ricalde's down there," Bill said.

And that was right. Ricalde was. I had forgotten all about Ricalde. But not Bill, for Ricalde's dazzling sister had also disappeared. Three years before, Ricalde, with that daring girl for pilot, had flown from Cuyabá out over the vast *terra incognita* of Matto Grosso, and had never been heard from again.

Bill Carmain had been hot to fly a rescue plane over their course at once; but Scaithe, who was the He-Horse, was the only man who knew Ricalde's course. He said to Bill:

"Use sense. If they are down by accident in the wilds of Matto Grosso,

Illustrated by
George Howe

their plane will be a needle in ten counties full of haystacks. Not one chance in a billion of locating them."

"I'd take that chance," Carmain had answered. "Ricalde's sister is one girl in—"

"A billion," finished Scaithe. "I know the figure in this case very well." Very coldly Scaithe had smiled at Bill Carmain, adding, "A girl in a billion is a lot of girl; but a chance in a billion is no chance at all."

And that was Scaithe. Regarding even a girl like Deirdre Ricalde, Scaithe could coldly calculate, and make his usual unerring decisions.

"Our only hope of finding them," Scaithe told us, "is in following Ricalde's instructions to the letter. He said to me before he left, 'If we don't come back, you follow us—in three years. No sooner. And bring all the news-reel film the plane can carry. If I find what I think we'll find, I'll show you something.'"

"Three years from now, Carmain," Scaithe said, "maybe I'll let you fly Ricalde's course. But not a day before

the exact third anniversary of Ricalde's flight. I'll tell you why—when that day comes."

Well, the three years were nearly over now.

We dropped down just outside the big burg, Bill and I, and made, hot-foot, for the swell dugout of the He-Horse, thirty stories up above the town's main stem. And sure enough, without the least preamble—we scarcely had the time to get his door shut back of us—the He-Horse snorted out:

"Brazil. We hop tomorrow. How many stops to Rio, Bill?"

Bill Carmain asked, "Abe too? I pick him up?"

ABE SAX is the finest news-reel man Scaithe's got. Abe's the best news-reel man that anybody's got.

But the He-Horse said, "No. Not this trip. Jake there"—I'm Jake, Jake Mawl—"Jake there will have to double in brass. Jake knows a bit of camera. He can wind a crank. But Abe couldn't make Jake's typewriter say its a-b-c's. So it's home fires for Abe. The Savillia

won't go up with more than three and a full load of fuel, will she, Carmain?"

Carmain looked at Scaithe.

"Three?" Hostility was in the question, to match the smoldering in Bill's eyes.

"Three," stated Scaithe. "I'm flying with you tl is job. Any objections?"

Objections? Scaithe was the He-Horse, man!—the works! He owned the outfit; the biggest news plant in the world. Bill Carmain was his best flyer. I pounded out news-feature copy.

This Scaithe was big. He was also arrogant and ruthless. And he had the morals of a centaur. But he wasn't only big behind his check book and his office desk. He was plenty big when he stood up on his two hind legs. And beautiful to boot. I'd use that one about Greek gods, but the Greek gods were just too darned beautiful. Scaithe wasn't. Scaithe was right out of some pagan Irish hero tale. He was Conn the Hundred Fighter, or MacRonan; one of the huge, rough, ruddy men, boastful and bold and able.

Bill Carmain hated him; and for the immemorial reason Deirdre Ricalde was the woman, sister of Ricalde, the eminent young ethnologist. She was the finest woman pilot in the States. Bill loved her. And Scaithe—well, she was laid on with a trowel, and fire flamed in every move she made. Scaithe wanted her.

Bill Carmain looked the He-Horse in the eye.

"Objections?" Bill said. "Sure I've got objections. You weigh too much. Stay at your desk. You might as well. This girl is not your kind of woman!"

It was the bridal hour, and Deirdre turned to face her chamber portal

Brother, it took some crust to talk to Scaithe like that! Scaithe didn't answer for a while. And when he did his voice was low and soft. But deliver me from eyes as bleak as Scaithe's were, looking at Bill Carmain. At last he said, "Oh! So it's that way!"

"As though you haven't known it," answered Bill.

Scaithe tilted back his chair.

"Listen, Carmain," Scaithe was solicitous. "You're my best pilot. I wouldn't have you hurt for worlds. But when did you ever see me go for anything I didn't get?"

BUT he wasn't bluffing Bill Carmain a bit.

"The rule won't hold this time," Bill said. "You never stepped so far out of your class before."

I gasped. He might as well have batted Scaithe across the mouth. Scaithe laid an open hand out on his desk, and slowly shut it tight. But Bill stood there and met his icy eyes and let him have it.

"She can't be had—your way," Bill said. "Oh, sure, I know, I know. Here's one, at last, you'd honor with a wedding, if you had to. Honor! Is that a laugh? Your wife will only be one more of your kept women, Scaithe. This girl is decent. She'll be no man's mistress. Not even her husband's."

At that Scaithe smiled. Well, anyhow, he lifted up one corner of his mouth.

He said, "You pay, you know, of course, to talk like that to me."

But Bill was with him every step.

"Who collects for you?" Bill asked.

Scaithe sighted down his arm to the closed fist lying on his desk. That was his answer. Then he looked up at Bill.

"Whom, by the way, have you picked to mate this lady? Sir Percivale the Pure Knight, or yourself?"

"She'll do her own picking when the time comes," Bill came back. "But flying along to her rescue won't help you a bit. She'll not be smirched. Not even by her husband."

At that Scaithe smiled once more. This time both corners of his mouth went up—with twice the lack of mirth as when one corner lifted. His gray eyes were about the color of a knife blade. But all he said was: "Smirched? Don't be an ass, Carmain! Man's a polygamous animal. You know that."

"And women?" Bill inquired.

"Women know it, too. Say! Who turned this into a biological discourse, anyhow? I'm busy. Go read Genesis." Scaithe tried to hide his deadly hatred in a burst of talk. He said, "The very first words of God to man were these: 'Be fruitful . . . multiply.' There's the real first commandment. No man who is a man can disobey it."

But Bill was right on his tail.

"You've tried?" asked Bill.

"Only a fool wastes strength," Scaithe answered. "Old Mother Nature is too strong for men. And she has no morals. All she wants is the earth replenished and subdued. So she made women too beautiful. Reproduction is her first law—not self-preservation. That law's bigger than a man. It's bigger than his will to live. There are no Galahads, Carmain; and I hate all hypocrites. Just the same you are the finest pilot I know. We start for Rio in the morning."

Carmain and I got up.

"O. K., Chief," Carmain said. "Rio it is."

Bill and I reached the door. I looked around. Scaithe hadn't said another word. But I couldn't get the door shut fast enough between those icy eyes and Bill's broad back. Next day we flew. And one week later we were back in time two hundred centuries!

FOR nearly half a thousand years Brazil, mysterious and vast and terrible, has held our civilization on one narrow edge of it. But through these centuries each contact with the savage tribes of the interior has brought the repetition of a strange, persistent story; that of a dread, unreachable Place, deep in the fastnesses of Matto Grosso, beyond a mighty fen which no man dared attempt, because its rushes were asquirm with feathered death. And, so the legends said, across that deadly swamp there came, at times, far-carrying, mystic music that made the jungle quake, and high fantastic lights that streaked the night with violet streamers reaching to the stars.

So ethnological expeditions dared the



One after another, the merciless weapons flailed Carmain and wound around him

Last Unknown; and rescue expeditions followed them. Then other parties went in to the rescue of the rescue expeditions. Some got back—having discovered only primitive savagery; and the repeated legend.

But presently men grew wings, and soon could fly Brazil. Still the incredible, ancient city of Atl, hidden for countless centuries, stayed undiscovered. Little wonder. It stood in a land of faëry. Parrish might have dreamed it—a valley of enchantment, with unscalable rock bastions soaring to the sky, and misty waterfalls dropping plumb a mile, and a near ceiling of ineffable blue. That sheer-walled chasm was scarcely wider than its depth, and hardly more than thirty times that long. And you could drop Connecticut into the vast wilds of Brazil, and lose it like a golf ball in the rough.

But Ricalde thought of night flight. Every third year, and on a single

night, the savage legends said, the eerie violet streamers streaked the sky. And so Ricalde and his daring sister flew to Brazil, and studied native story. And finally, on the night of the vernal equinox of their third year in South America, they hopped from Cuyabá, headed northwest under the blazing stars, and disappeared.

JUST three years later we flew after them—three years later to the night. And not three hours out of Cuyabá we knew that Ricalde, with his uncanny scientific accuracy, had picked a thousand-to-one shot, the right night of three years of nights, and guessed a proper course. Less than three hours up, drumming along above the summits of the Cordillera Geral, the chords of some vast, fearful carillon came shivering up to us. They were reverberating from the titanic sounding boards of Atl's cliffs; but we could not have traced

them to their source. They filled the world. But presently long, pulsing beams of violet began to sweep the dark—a mystic beacon.

Toward them we headed, into the great unknown where the unexplored Jamar and the Giparana arise. Two hours later we were down in Atl.

One spur of the Geral thrusts out into the fens of Matto Grosso like a terrific ness into a desolate uncharted waste of billowing green. Into a slope of it the gods had slashed a vale of refuge, to which had come, long centuries past, the surviving handful of a once innumerable people. They had escaped the sinking of a world, had crossed a dreadful ocean to an unknown fearful shore, had fought upstream almost two thousand miles against the mighty rivers of a deadly jungle, to find security at last, the merest remnant of them, in this Olympian valley far from the mad, devouring fury of the sea.

Here they had dwelt through centuries, building a great wall to shut out the jungle's terrors, and planting terrors of their own beyond their wall—the feathered death that squirmed throughout the spreading fens, to spread fear far beyond them. The mighty cliffs of Atl were unscalable defenses. Secure within the impregnable fortress of their valley they had grown from a shattered handful to a little state and, guarding carefully their birth rate against disastrous increase, there they had remained, content to till the fertile tropic soil, content to work their miracles of beauty, miracles that ranged from dainty feathered cloth to awesome fabrications of Cyclopean stonework.

THERE was just one clear space in their incredible city: a vacant oblong called the Combat Field, all set about with blazing towers on three sides, and on the fourth by the terrific wall, which, like a lofty dam between straight cliffs, closed the long valley's mouth. I look back, and it seems a gyrocopter scarcely could

have made a landing. But Bill Carmain, that old air maestro, did it. He pulled us up, undamaged, beside the wreck which Deirdre Ricalde had piled against that mighty wall three years before.

And there Ricalde was, awaiting us! And there Ricalde's sister was, also; and very punishing to the eye, if you ask me, in the scant costume that the Atl women wore.

And there were Atl dignitaries too, expecting us!—all ready with the well-known keys to the city, and all decked out in robes of feather-work which you would have to see in order to believe—sienna and livid blue, marked generously with the odd golden spectacles which Buddha placed upon the sacred cobra's hood, so that its enemy, the kite, might not molest it. It made you wonder what strange bird had wings to furnish such peculiar plumage.

We looked about us. By miracle Bill
(Continued on page 36)

Home, Sweeter Home

By John T. Flynn

There's one luxury that we've got to get rid of—slums. Our cities and towns are in no position to go on supporting them in the expensive decay to which they are accustomed. So the federal government is taking a hand. It's a boon to the taxpayer. It's a boost for industry. In fact—and here's Mr. Flynn with figures to prove it—it's a break for everybody



A unit of low-cost homes for workers outside Dublin, Ireland

Keystone-Underwood

UNCLE SAM is about to go into a new business. It really is a new business—building homes for small-wage earners to live in. You may not believe it, but that's something we have never done before.

There are plenty of people worrying their poor heads about drumming up trade with the Chinese. We need business, so they think it would be a good plan to try to teach the Orientals to use our radios and our bathtubs and our vacuum cleaners. And that's a good idea too. But wouldn't it be a better idea if we could teach some forty or fifty million of our own people, right in our midst, to use our homes? We don't really have to teach them. All we have to do is to build the homes for them to live in and they will flock to them with their money in their hands.

In Philadelphia a lot of hosiery workers, in spite of the dull days in the real estate business and with thousands of old houses empty, have a plan to build about three hundred homes for themselves and they are flooded with applications for space before they have turned a spadeful of earth!

We haven't got enough houses in America, even if all the vacant places were filled. If every family in America had a separate dwelling unit of its own, there wouldn't be nearly enough houses to go around. If we knocked down all the filthy and decaying hovels which millions of working people use for homes, we couldn't begin to house our population. It is estimated by housing authorities that there are ten million homes in America that ought to be wiped out. Uncle Sam now proposes to wipe them out. Then he proposes to put up others in their place. He has adopted a new slogan—a home for every American family and every American family in a home.

"But hold on there!" says the gentleman who is always afraid of the government invading the field of private business. Isn't your Uncle Samuel in business up to his whiskers now? Well, there's plenty of room for argument on that point. Perhaps you may think he ought to keep out of the railroad business and the power business. But isn't this business of building low-cost homes something else again?

First of all, nobody is in that business. There never has been anybody in it. Perhaps it would be better to say that what Uncle Sam plans to do is not so much to go into a new business as to

become a new kind of customer. He is not planning to build these houses himself—to go into the contracting or building business. He is going to try to put the private building business to work building low-cost homes.

After all, a house is a collection of brick and stone and cement and lumber and hardware and plumbing and fixtures of all sorts. All these things are made by private manufacturers and sold by private dealers. They are assembled into houses by private contractors. Pretty nearly this whole vast industry, which in normal times employs millions of men, is prostrate. The government merely proposes to get it started; to put up the money; to get that money invested in houses that may be rented to our lower-income workers for sums within their means and thus take them out of the slums which disgrace our cities.

A Forgotten Industry

Of course, the moment this subject is broached a lot of questions arise to the lips of the doubter and the scoffer. Where is all the money to come from? Where is the poor taxpayer to come in?

What is going to become of all the vacant houses we now have? Who is going to get the benefit of all this spending? And where is it going to stop?

Let's take a look at our busy old Uncle at work on just one housing project before we make up our minds about all this. It's in Detroit. That wonder city climbed to the highest boom peak back in the golden era. It skidded down into the lowest valley thereafter. But as Detroit climbed, the whole city did not take part in the ascent. Its prosperous and gaudy part marched up, leaving its less prosperous part in its old slums. Great buildings, brilliant towers of steel and tile and colors, soared to the sky. But the old slums grew older and darker and dirtier.

Real estate developers staked out thousands of empty lots on prairie farms and the county spent millions putting in streets and sewers and lights to run past weed-grown subdivisions. But the old slums went on taking their toll in death and delinquency and disease. There were plenty of people in the business of building hotels and apartments and palaces of commerce. But no one was in the business of build-

ing homes for the small-wage earner. This is the forgotten industry.

But now Detroit has become aware of its slums. The reason is simple. A slum is a luxury. A city must be rich to afford one. That's why poor Vienna, after her defeat and bankruptcy following the war, started to rid herself of her slums. She was too poor to indulge in such an expensive luxury. You can't run slums for nothing. They cost plenty.

Where Misery Lives

What is a slum? It is the Sargasso Sea of the city to which drift the lowest-paid workers to be jammed into the oldest houses, abandoned years before by more fortunate citizens. It is not necessarily made up of cheap homes. Often they are homes which once housed the gentry, but which have grown into old and neglected, crumbling hulks with half a dozen families crowded into rooms that were meant for one.

The slum is the breeding ground for epidemics, for disease of every sort. It is the biggest customer of the city hospitals and clinics. It is the hatchery of gangs and crime, the biggest cus-



This block of government-built apartments is part of Vienna's slum-clearance program

Ewing Galloway

corner of our courts and police and jails. It is the best friend of the undertaker and the graveyard.

In a London slum that city found that the death rate was six times as great in one-room families as in four-room families. In Cleveland it was found that in houses with more than one person to the room the death rate was 19 in a thousand. In houses with less than one person to a room it was 13 in a thousand. The president of the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh some years ago shocked the steel men there by telling them that slum housing in steel cities was costing them \$3,000,000 a year, or as much as a good steel mill that would yield them ten per cent a year. In Chicago the city found that out of every fifty backward children in the schools, forty-three came from its slum districts. And generally it has been found that the children of the slums are smaller and weigh less than those from better parts of the city.

All this costs money. A neighborhood does not run by itself. It has to be operated. It must have police and fire protection. It must have schools and public works. It must have health



London's workers are moving to neat, inexpensive model homes on the city's outskirts

Ewing Galloway



Ewing Galloway

Model tenements built and operated by the city of Düsseldorf, Germany's great industrial center

care, welfare supervision, housing inspection. Who pays for this? The city. Who pays the city? The neighborhood—that is, the decently housed neighborhood pays. But the slum neighborhood doesn't. In one small town the city gets \$10,000 in taxes from a small slum. It spends \$100,000 a year on the welfare, hospitalization, fire and police protection and health and housing inspection of that same slum. Not much profit in that.

Mr. Robert D. Kohn, head of the government's great housing adventure, told me of a slum district in a large city which pays \$80,000 taxes a year and costs the city \$180,000. There's a loss of \$100,000 a year. Capitalize that at four per cent and the city could spend two and a half million dollars to wipe out the slum without being out of pocket. Look at the murder and crime map of your town. The crosses which mark the spots where the bodies fell will be around those slum neighborhoods. Murders are costly forms of public entertainment. The slums pro-

vide them. The town pays. The slum provides the gangs. The town pays. It makes great reading in the newspapers. But is the fun worth the price?

Now see what the government will do about this in Detroit. The mayor and common council have selected the doomed slum. It is in the Grand Boulevard district—a strangely ironic name. There are forty-eight blocks there—forty-eight blocks of material decay and human disintegration. The plan is to sweep them out of existence. The government will begin with one section of ten squares. To see precisely what will happen here, let the story unroll before us in a series of moving pictures in slum rehabilitation.

First we see a picture of the kind of houses which at present disgrace this area. These will be destroyed.

Second is a representation of the ten squares of crowded, rotting, disease-and-crime-ridden houses huddled together without room for breathing or seeing.

Third is a representation of just one square in this section. This block is infected with crime, delinquency, disease, and hence requires constant supervision by the city and by welfare agen-

cies. The square is shown divided into lots on which stand the homes. The black dots represent the homes which require city health, police and welfare attention. There are fifty-one houses. Forty-nine of them contain welfare cases. Rather expensive!

Fourth is a little map of the same block—but showing it infected with insolvency. The dots here represent the plots or houses on which no taxes are being paid by the owners. Forty-eight plots out of fifty-one are tax delinquent. Not much profit in that for the town!

Nothing Wrong with This Picture

Fifth is a ground drawing of this section after its old homes have been wiped out and it has been rebuilt with decent homes. Plenty of space, plenty of green trees, plenty of playgrounds instead of the old crowded quarters. Buildings will cover only twenty per cent of the land. A fine park and playground runs down the center between the groups of buildings.

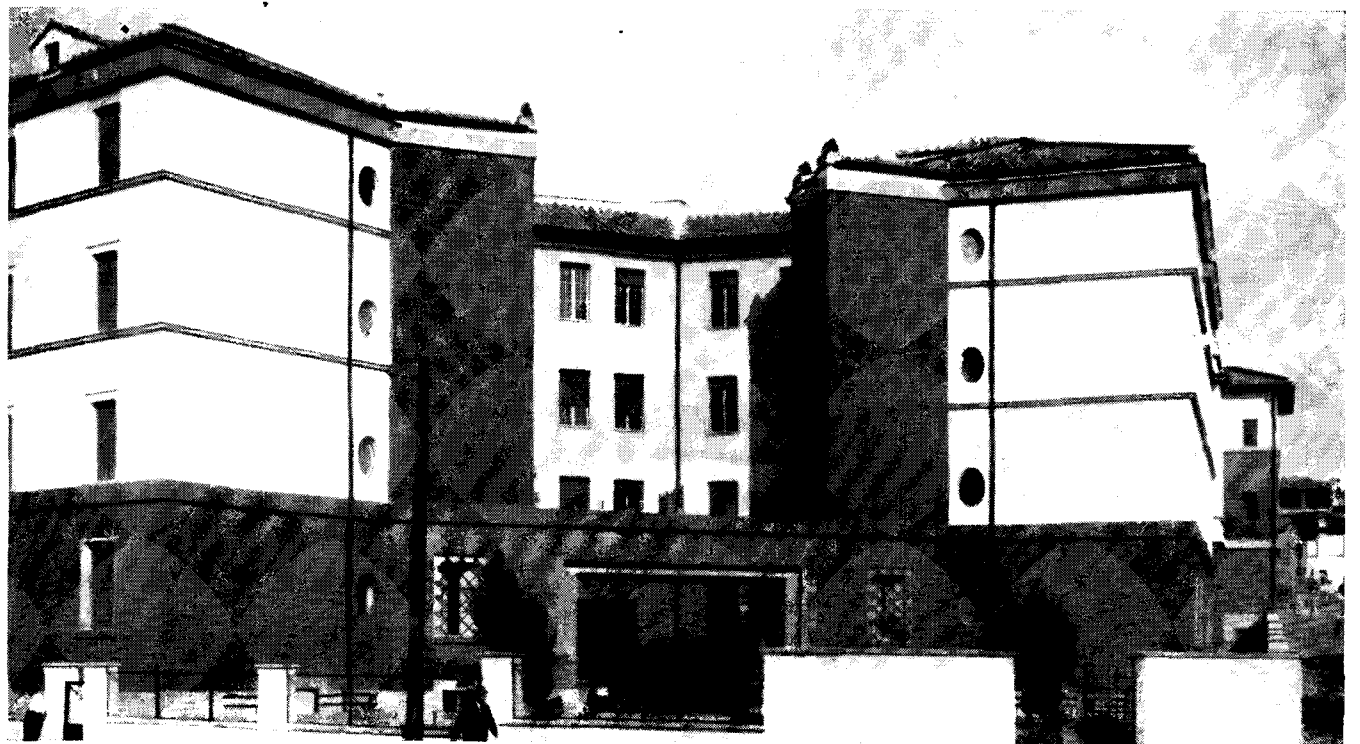
Sixth is a picture of the houses which will replace the battered and squalid caves shown in the first picture.

Thus ten squares of unspeakable slum are transformed into a neighborhood of pleasant, modern, decent homes for the people who now inhabit this area. They will pay around \$19.50 for a three-room apartment or flat, with heat, bath, every modern convenience. The city will be cleaner, healthier for the change. The people thus rescued from squalor will be happier, stronger. The children will have a better chance. An insolvent tax district will resume paying its way. The government will have invested the money instead of spending it. The money will be protected by first mortgages on dividend-paying property. And several thousand men will have been put to work to build this new neighborhood. What is wrong with this picture?

Will the old landlords sell their land? Won't they try to hold the government up as usual? I asked Secretary Harold L. Ickes, Public Works Administrator, about that. He answered:

"No one is going to swindle the government by charging extortionate prices for land. We will pay fair prices—no more. If the landowners try to hold us

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Eight dollars a month for four rooms in this type of apartment is Rome's answer to the problem of housing

Ewing Galloway

Ann Copeland never asked herself the question: Does he love me? But two men supplied the answer, after a

Timely Test

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by James W. Earley

IT CERTAINLY puts a strain on friendship, thought Ann Copeland, when you come home tired from the office, with just time enough for a long, leisurely, relaxing bath before you dress for dinner—and then find somebody else soaking herself in your tub, with the clothes she's taken off and the clothes she's going to put on strewn all over your one-room apartment. She'd have thought twice about giving Helen a key, if she'd known how often this sort of thing would happen. Still, Helen, who lived in Dobbs Ferry, had to have some place to stay when she was out late in Manhattan; and her parents led her a pretty hard life; and friendship wasn't worth much if it couldn't stand a strain or two. . . .

"Hurry up there," Ann called through the closed door. "I've got to get myself slicked up before Vince comes."

Inside she heard hasty splashing, the gurgle of water running out of the tub. Her eyes passed absently over Helen's old brown suit flung over a chair, went on to a black frock laid out on the bed—throat-high in front and nothing but a strap across the shoulders behind.

"New, eh?" she said as Helen emerged. "And very smart. The family must be loosening up."

"The family? Not a chance. If you must know, Larry bought me that." And as Ann stared at her, "Oh, all right," said Helen irritably. "I know I shouldn't let men buy my clothes. But Larry isn't men; and when the family thinks that what was good enough back home in Montville year before last is still good enough in New York. . . . He said he'd seen all my clothes till he was sick of them, and he didn't know why he couldn't give me an engagement present."

"**U**H," ANN commented. But when you had a salary and could buy your own clothes, such as they were, you couldn't be too hard on a girl who was dependent on her parents even for subway fare. Still, her voice was rather severe as she asked: "How did you explain it to the family?"

"They'll never see it. Larry had it sent down here, addressed to you. I thought I'd leave it here, and change when I'm going out."

"Oh, you did?" Ann muttered. "Clear out, now, and let me run my bath. I've got to take a quick one; Vince is always on time."

When she came out, Helen asked her where she and Vincent were going.

"Oh, just to dinner, with maybe a little dancing afterward. I can't stay out late when I've got to be at the desk at nine."

"Then may I wear your evening cape? Larry's taking me to the Club Quatorze. . . . Thanks. I'll try not to wake you, when I come in. . . ." Which will be God knows when, Ann reflected. It's none of my business, but—

"Helen!" she said. "I do think you take crazy chances. When his wife's going to divorce him, and everything will be all right in a few months—She's never heard about you, has she?"

"Of course not. They'd agreed to separate before I ever met him."

"But she will hear about you, if you keep going to night clubs with him; and if she's as vindictive as he says she is, she might make all sorts of trouble. And what would your family say about that?"

"**T**HEY can't say much more than they say now," Helen observed, "and they never even heard of Larry. I know I'm taking chances; I've got to. He's my chance to get away from home, make a life of my own. But he likes to go to night clubs, and if I didn't go with him somebody else would. A lot can happen when you don't see a man."

"For a few months? If you can't trust him—" Ann checked herself, it wasn't decent to criticize him, when he was all that Helen had.

"Oh, I know you don't like Larry. But I do—and he'll be different after we're married," Helen promised, her lips tightening like her mother's. "Anyway, who are you to talk about trusting people out of your sight? You were all set to marry Bill Pearson when he came back from South America; but that was before you met Vince." She wrapped Ann's green cape around her, regarded herself in the mirror. "Well, I'm off. . . . Sorry I was snappy; you've been awfully decent to me. Maybe by next spring I'll be able to do a few things for you."

I hope you won't have to, thought Ann with the pride of the lone woman who does things for herself. . . . But when Helen had gone she went on dressing slowly, absently—wondering who she was to talk about not trusting people out of your sight; she who had been all set to marry Bill Pearson when he came back from South America.

WHEN he went away, they had told each other that a year wasn't so terribly long; especially as after this last field trip he was to be brought back

to the home office, on a salary big enough for two.

"But I do wish you'd let me give you a ring," he said.

"My dear! It's silly for people like us to waste money on jewelry. Besides," Ann confessed, "I'd feel self-conscious wearing a ring around the office. Like a restaurant table with a 'reserved' sign on it."

He nodded. In their world of unattached young people, responsible to nobody but themselves, there was no such thing as a formal engagement; the day came when you decided to get married, and that was all.

"But a whole year—!" he said. "Ann! Will you marry me before I go?" She looked at him helplessly.

"And have to stay behind? You can't take a wife on a field trip. I don't see much point in that," she said. "If we can't trust the way we feel, it wouldn't help much that we'd said something to a clerk at the Municipal Building."

"It would give us something—something to tie to," he said. "People like us need that. We've left our relatives and our—our background back home in small towns; here in New York we're only atoms in a pretty large universe. A great life—but there's no stability about it."

"**I**'VE got all the stability I need," said Ann proudly. "As much as we could have, when we're four thousand miles apart. I mean—" she said, "if either of us did meet somebody we liked better—"

"My God! You're not afraid we will, are you?"

"No, but you seem to be, with this talk about rings. And if it did happen, all the stability we might get out of a ring or a ceremony wouldn't help much."

"But if you weren't afraid to trust the way we feel—" he said.

"I'm not, darling; I'm not!" Her arms went round him, her fingers played in his hair. "It's just because I'm not afraid that I'd feel silly advertising it, when we won't see each other for a year." He was still disturbed; but he kissed her, she clung to him, he went on kissing her. . . . "Darling," she



There, sitting on the steps, was Bill. "I—I didn't expect you for two weeks," she said



"Ann! I—I guess I'd better go," he said, almost sullen

said. "I do trust the way we feel—" He released her suddenly, picked up his hat.

"Ann! I—I guess I'd better go. If you're not sure enough to marry me now—" he said, almost sullen.

"It isn't that I'm not sure; it's only that I'd feel as if we were asking for trouble, tempting Fate— Oh, I can't explain it! . . . But don't leave me like this, Bill. Not for a whole year—"

But he did leave her like that; and she felt as if the mounting interwoven harmonies of a symphony had broken off abruptly, in a jangle of uncertainties and misunderstandings. So this was the masculine sense of regularity, procedure. She'd never dreamed she'd find that in Bill; maybe she didn't know him as well as she'd thought. And she knew that he was no longer sure that she was sure.

There wasn't much chance to straighten things out by letter; he was traveling in the wilds, with little opportunity to write, and she always felt self-conscious when she tried to put emotion down on paper. And a year had turned out to be a terribly long time. . . .

So now, when the year still had three months to go—now, musing before her mirror as she dressed for another man—she had to admit that there had been some point in Bill's apprehensive insistence on the outward forms of stability. For if she'd told the world that she was reserved like a restaurant table for Bill Pearson, she'd never have got herself involved with Vincent Ream. Vince had a lawyer's respect for due process, and the obligations of a contract; but once she had unguardedly confessed that she and Bill weren't exactly engaged.

SHE finished dressing, lit a cigarette with unsteady fingers. . . . She hadn't meant to get involved, of course. But you have to go around with somebody, when the man you'd prefer is away; and she liked Vince and if their friendship, on his side, had an emotional undercurrent, she couldn't see any particular harm in that. Not so long as she'd told him, as soon as they got to be really good friends, how she felt about Bill. And there's no harm in letting a man you like kiss you occasionally—so long as he understands that you're lonesome, and would rather be kissed by a man who happens, at the moment, to be in Bolivia. No harm—till you suddenly discover that things have drifted a good

deal farther than you ever intended, and not half so far as he intends.

And there's really no harm in that, of course. If you find out that you like somebody else better than the man you once meant to marry—why, you're lucky to find it out in time. But you know when you've promised yourself, even if some superstitious restraint kept you from openly promising him.

The door bell interrupted these fruitless introspections. Vince, resplendent and commanding. He kissed her; she clung to him for a moment, just because he was such a good person to cling to in any kind of uncertainty. Widows and orphans always felt safe when Vincent Ream was taking care of the estate. . . . He released her, sniffed curiously.

"You've changed your scent," he said. "Shalimar? You ought to have let me give you that; you can't afford it, on your salary. And what was the matter with good old Nuit Heureuse?"

BILL didn't know one scent from another, still less know their names; any scent, to him, was just "that stuff you're wearing." But you could depend on Vince to know everything, and know it right.

"I ran out of it. This Shalimar is some that Helen left here. She doesn't dare keep it around home; her people don't approve of scent."

"Helen? Is she staying here tonight?" She nodded. "H'mph!" he said. "She imposes on you, Ann. She may have been your best friend back home in Montville; there isn't much choice in a small town. But here in New York you two haven't much in common. Why does she—"

"She's all right, Vince. Things are pretty hard for her. Her people were terribly strict, even for Montville; and when her father's business brought them to New York they went on treating her like a child. It's ridiculous, when she's over twenty-one; but what can she do? She has to eat; and she hasn't been able to find a job—"

"Does she try? Always chasing around with this fellow Larry—"

"He happens to mean a job to her, among other things. You and I don't like him but she does; and you can't blame her for playing hard for him, if she wants him. She's looking for—stability, I suppose."

"Well, anyway, she's got no right to get you talked about."

"Get me talked about?" she gasped. "How could she?"

"I didn't mean to tell you this," said Vince uncomfortably. "But my sister—the one in Scarsdale—was playing bridge over at Dobbs Ferry the other

(Continued on page 44)

The policeman started up uneasily, but subsided when she observed: "I have a right to call a lawyer, haven't I?"

Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated by Carl Mueller



When Eleanor went to engage her passage she received a shock which turned into a laugh

The Story Thus Far:

ADSLT ABBOTT, of the firm of Abbott, Raglan and Co., brokers, promises his partner, Larry Raglan, that he will not gamble on Wall Street. Then, plunging furiously, he makes a fortune—and calmly tells Raglan.

From that moment on the two men (who promptly dissolve partnership and form firms of their own) are enemies. And Abbott, chuckling over an "affair" he is having with Eleanor, Raglan's divorced wife, makes his plans to ruin Raglan.

But Larry Raglan is a dangerous opponent. Taking with him, from his old office, Regis Mulholland (a beautiful girl who becomes his secretary), Kit Bilderback, a reception clerk, and one "Happy," an office boy, he too makes his plans. . . . Regis Mulholland is a lovely girl, well known in New York society. Her income small, since the death of her brother, she is working—much to the disgust of her sister-in-law, Dora Mulholland, a smooth, snobbish climber who, unknown to Regis, is angling for Larry Raglan (and his money). Realizing that Raglan has one real love—his old home, an ancient structure which, set in an unfashionable section of the city, Eleanor loathes—Dora professes to "adore" it. And presently, to Regis' amazement, Dora Mulholland becomes Mrs. Raglan.

The marriage is not a success. Dora does not love Raglan: she hates his old home—admits it. Whereupon, arrangements are made for a divorce. Again Larry Raglan, yearning for love and happiness, has picked the wrong woman! . . . Meanwhile, both Eleanor and Regis have been learning Abbott's true character. They meet—at a country club. Abbott (who has broken an engagement with Eleanor, because of "an extremely important business conference") is with Regis. He has, it becomes obvious, been making it appear that he is deeply interested in both women. And both are furious with him. But—ever a skillful dissimulator—he makes his peace with Eleanor. Then, hoping to do the same with Regis, he sends her hundreds of carnations.

The flowers reach Regis. There is no accompanying card. Kit Bilderback thinks they are from Raglan. Regis queries him. Having just put through a deal which has netted him and Tony Allerton, a young associate, half a million dollars, he is jubilant. "No," he says, "I sent no flowers. But watch your step. The only man who plays that trick of sending bushels of flowers is—Adslt Abbott."

VIII

ALLERTON bubbled into Raglan's office. "Gib, you rock, I've thrown my hat out the window or I'd take it off and wipe your feet with it."

"Sit down, Tony. What's the latest?"

"There is no latest; there are a thousand things at a time, all so big you can pick on any one of them and not go wrong. At a guess, I'd say your name is being mentioned as often as any other."

"Mine! Why?"

"Yours and Paul Ackerboon's. You because you practiced what you preached and sat tight on a stack of gold, and Ackerboon because he didn't. He's been croaking for almost a year. He really believed the crash was overdue and he had three million in paper profits, built up from nothing. Did he pull it down? Not a million, not a dollar. Can you understand a mind like that?"

"Easily," said Raglan. "For one thing it's against nature—against the conformation of the human brain—to pay one million out of three to the government, and I doubt whether any individual has ever deliberately done it. But there's something else. The longer you play this game, the simpler it gets and the surer it is to beat you. I know positively what licked Ackerboon and he knows it himself, yet it will surely lick both of us again."

"Name it," said Tony.

"The psychological hazard. We say if such and such a thing happens we'll do so and so. The thing does happen. Our head begins to swell. We pat ourselves on the back. We remember what we said we'd do, but caution warns us not to rush, that tomorrow will cinch it, show whether we were really right or not. It does, and we find ourselves holding a bucket with the bottom out."

Tomorrow turned out to be exactly one day too late."

An odd gleam lit in Allerton's eyes, as if the words he had just heard were particularly burdened with meaning. Had he not been waiting for this crash since the moment Raglan had handed him the bonus of fifty thousand? He excused himself, hurried to his own room and called up the broker whom he had entrusted with the buying of the pet list of stocks he had so long cherished against this day. Upon perceiving the start of the rebound he had not put in his order to buy at the market—oh, no! In accordance with the practice of the wise traders—the cool old hands who know how to wait—he had entered his orders at a price. Now he inquired as to where those stocks stood and felt the shrillest thrill of his life at learning that without exception they had passed up and out through the roof. But almost instantly the thrill died and was supplanted by a crushing fear.

"What did I get?" he asked through dry lips.

"Get?" snapped back the harassed broker. "You set a price, didn't you? They were all out of sight over the hill before your order reached the floor, and they're still running."

"Buy the lot at the market," gasped Tony.

"Can you stand it?"

"I can put up fifty thousand in gilt-edge collateral. In ten minutes."

AN HOUR later he was aghast at the prices he had had to pay; as an example, one stock he had ordered at forty-four he finally bought at ninety-nine. So with the rest. Instead of owning stocks outright in place of bonds, he now found himself in the position of having pledged his entire capital as margin. For all too brief a space of time he was soothed into inaction by a paper profit. He had bought good stuff; it began to slip, but it slipped slowly—it was bound to come back. It slipped further, point by point, drew near the danger line and crossed it. The first call for additional margin astonished him. Having nothing to put up, he sacrificed. Not a word to Raglan—he wouldn't have had Larry know for worlds. He sacrificed again. Then a sudden dip and he was out, cleaned to the bone. Raglan's cycle of the psychological hazard was complete—no element lacking from the original masterly plan up to disaster through hang-fire execution. Still he said nothing, but he underrated the perspicacity of at least two of his colleagues.

"Hard up, Tony?" asked Raglan within a month of the debacle.

"Not especially," said Allerton glibly. "Why?"

"If it isn't straining you to make both ends meet on exactly twenty-five a week," said Raglan, "it soon will."

"Who told you?" demanded Allerton, anger flaring in his eyes.

"Nobody but you, Tony," said Raglan soothingly; "not your mouth, but the inside barometer over which none of us has any control. You hear a lot of talk about a poker-face, but no man living or dead can fake a singing heart. Unfortunately the prospects of our business showing any profit for some time to come look pretty slim, so it's up to me to take over your ten per cent share. In exchange I'll double your pay."

"No, thanks, Larry," said Allerton quickly. "You're a straight shooter. You mean well, but I can't take it."

"You speak too fast," said Raglan coldly. "It's me I'm worrying about, not you. I'm simply protecting myself against the daily spectacle of watching you starve to death. Run along, Tony. Take your medicine, and thank God you're still young."

During the months that followed,

with the exception of a half-hearted and unending spurt, the Street descended the road to shabbiness. Customers' rooms that had been packed with shouting maniacs now echoed only the ghostly thumpings of the infrequent cleaner. Soon, in many of them, even that sound was to pass. Firms whose names had shared the glory of a galaxy faded from an emptying firmament. High-salaried men walked out of one office with head held high to stroll casually toward another. Soon their feet began to hasten, leaving behind a lengthening wake of addresses, and soon no goal remained. Most remarkable was the passing of a fashion; those knife-edge creases in sleeves and trouser legs were definitely out. The depression was on.

"BUT, Adsit," protested Eleanor, secure behind her steady thousand a month, "I don't understand. Just because you've been so extravagant I should think you would be sitting pretty. Whatever you bought is there



She was serene with the serenity of those qualities which remain forever ageless

to sell, isn't it? Why don't you begin with your car? You could live like a king for a month on the price."

"Sell that car?" snapped Abbott. "You're crazy. You can't, don't or won't read. Who could buy it? Nobody. I've still got the price of gas, but do you think I would dare take you out for a ride?"

"Why not?"

"Because some guy would slug the first stone he could find through the windshield, and I wouldn't blame him. But there's no reason why I shouldn't come clean to you, Ellie. I did try to sell it. It stands me at eighteen thousand, and the best offer I could get was four hundred dollars."

"Oh!" gasped Eleanor.

Her eyes left his face to wander vaguely from object to object in the apartment which had so long been her shell. The shell still seemed smooth and firm, but with unerring intuition she perceived its walls were due to crack. Already she could imagine light showing through the interstices and miraculously the pleasing prospect of a foreign shore opened before her fascinated gaze. Promptly she tensed; her eyes, no longer vague, returned to Abbott's frowning face.

"The depression is getting me too, Adsit. There's no reason why it should, and yet it is."

"No reason!" he cried. "Why, it's in the air you breathe, the food you eat and the drink you wish you hadn't drunk. Who can get away from it?"

"I can," said Eleanor, "and I'm going to. There's not a bit of sense in

my staying here. I'm going to Paris."

Abbott's eyes narrowed. "And leave me here? Think this one over: in Paris, even before you get there, there are ten good-looking women to every passable man."

Eleanor met his gaze with understanding but also without alarm. "That won't worry me," she stated. "Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"If it's cheaper and pleasanter for me to live over there," she concluded, "why shouldn't it be for you?"

"That's an idea!" scoffed Abbott. "It may be the place where a woman can get along on a shoestring, but a man in the same fix might as well pick on Monte Carlo."

"That may be true of the Paris you happen to know," persisted Eleanor, "but what about the thousands of artists and students who have lived there for ages on next to nothing? You don't have to paint or attend the Sorbonne in order to eat and sleep where they do."

almost unnoticed in a world turned upside down, but the little there was to know, Eleanor knew. What she longed to do, now that the chance presented itself, was to add meat to the skeleton, trimmings to the bare facts.

FOR a time the swiftly changing scene left Raglan untroubled. In the short span of his career he had seen some violent ups and downs with himself as the bouncing ball, but this was different. He was outside, looking in; above, looking down. He did not exult—too many of his friends were in desperate straits for that—but, being human, he could not escape a drowsy feeling of satisfaction. It soothed him, blinding him to what was really happening. Perhaps nothing as big as straws showed which way the wind was blowing, but there must have been at least an impalpable dust whose mist would not have escaped his shrewd eyes had they been alert. The bonds he possessed were either gilt-edged or bought for some specific reason after intensive study. When they descended by easy gradations to what he considered tempting prices, he did the sensible thing; he bought more, setting part of his idle reserves of cash to work.

His routine business was at a standstill, but he foresaw a time of great activity. Bonds, tired of the rôle of underdog, were due to come into their own again. A few of the mighty concerns who employed their own machinery were already beginning to retire certain issues at great advantage to themselves. Soon lesser industries would be in the market and he would reap the benefit as intermediary. In the meantime occasionally a day or more elapsed without his having reason to send for Regis; Happy was learning to sleep soundly in a straight chair and Kit, made nervous by inactivity, dared to steal away from her desk into Allerton's room.

"WHAT'S the matter, Mr. Allerton?" "Nothing," he answered shortly.

"Yes, there is," she stated. Her black eyes, looking abnormally large and soft, passed mournfully over his face and away. "Anyhow," she murmured, turning to go, "I'm sorry."

"Sit down, Kit," he said hurriedly, dreading boredom more than confession, "there's something I want to speak to you about."

"What?" asked Kit, sinking on the edge of a chair as if her knees had buckled.

"It's this: you can go back to calling me Tony."

"Oh!" she exclaimed in instantaneous comprehension. "So I was right. Oh, Tony, I'm sorry—awfully sorry."

"You're a good little scout, Kit; but don't let's burst into tears. As the boss said when he reduced me to the ranks, I ought to thank God I'm young, and I pass the same word on to you. You're not only a lot younger than I am, but in addition you've got the looks of a pippin out of the top layer."

"Me?" she gasped, astounded.

Tony stared, then frowned. "I've known you for years," he stated, "and this is the first time I've ever seen you surprised by anything. Has nobody told you about your looks before?"

"No," she answered sharply, "but I've been kidded before, loads of times, by smarter Alecks than you."

Abruptly her lower lip began to tremble and she seized it just in time with her teeth. A dazed look took possession of her eyes as she felt the color rushing up into her cheeks. Was it possible she hadn't been in time—that she was actually going to cry? She dropped her face in her hands, hiding it, rose and started blindly toward the door. Allerton sprang to his feet; the next instant

(Continued on page 30)

Ziegfeld and his Follies

By Eddie Cantor
and
David Freedman

Place a pad of telegraph blanks in Flo Ziegfeld's hands and his eye gleamed, a pencil moved—and the wire barrage was on. While watching a rehearsal he would scribble off a dozen telegrams to players within easy hearing distance just across the footlights. In this installment we follow him through one of his greatest stage successes, Whoopee

ZIEGGY, the most lavish of producers, was naïvely economical. He thought nothing of folding up a two-hundred-thousand-dollar production overnight, but he would devise the most elaborate schemes to save seventeen or eighteen dollars. When he first engaged one of his press agents, Bernard Sobel, at thirty-five dollars a week, he didn't want to pay him out of his own pocket. He wanted Bernie Sobel's salary smuggled into the show so that Erlanger would stand half of it. To do this, he listed the press agent on the Follies payroll as one of the chorus girls under the name of Bernadina Sobel.

Flo often complained that he didn't have a cent and would have to raise

and announced the opening of Flo's show in a special box of honor in the middle of the front page. When Zieggy saw the ad blazing at him from the most prominent part of the paper he remarked dryly to his treasurer: "Donovan, we won't pay for that ad. They didn't put it on the amusement page."

The very next day he was clipped in Wall Street for a hundred thousand and never said a word. He merely chewed off the end of a long cigar, walked into a gambling resort with a quiet, determined look, bought a stack of chips and left the roulette table a winner of seventy-two thousand dollars.

Zieggy had no notion of time, space or money. He never kept an appointment, and could never pass a phone booth



Flo Ziegfeld and Irving Berlin—after a triumph far from Broadway



Katherine Burke, Follies beauty who played in Rio Rita

some money while he carried bankers' checks in his pocket for many thousands of dollars. Once, when his Palm Beach Nights was about to open in Florida, he discovered that he had forgotten to advertise the première in the local paper. It was long past the deadline and there was no way of getting an ad into the press. Flo used every influence and sent his treasurer, Donovan, to exhort the editor of the Miami Herald in his name. The ad simply had to go in even though the entire paper was made up. Finally the editor tore out an important news item of the day

without going in to call up the world. Once Anna Held was to sail for Paris at noon, and he promised to be down at the pier to see her off, but on the way he happened to see a phone booth, went in, and began to make calls. He became so preoccupied with phoning that when he finally returned to the car, he said, "Drive as quick as you can to the Grand Central Station"—which was exactly in the opposite direction.

He had a habit of asking everybody what time it was. Diamond Jim Brady became so annoyed by this question that he bought Zieggy one of the finest



The dazzling equestrienne is Dorothy Knapp, all dressed up in the screen production of Whoopee

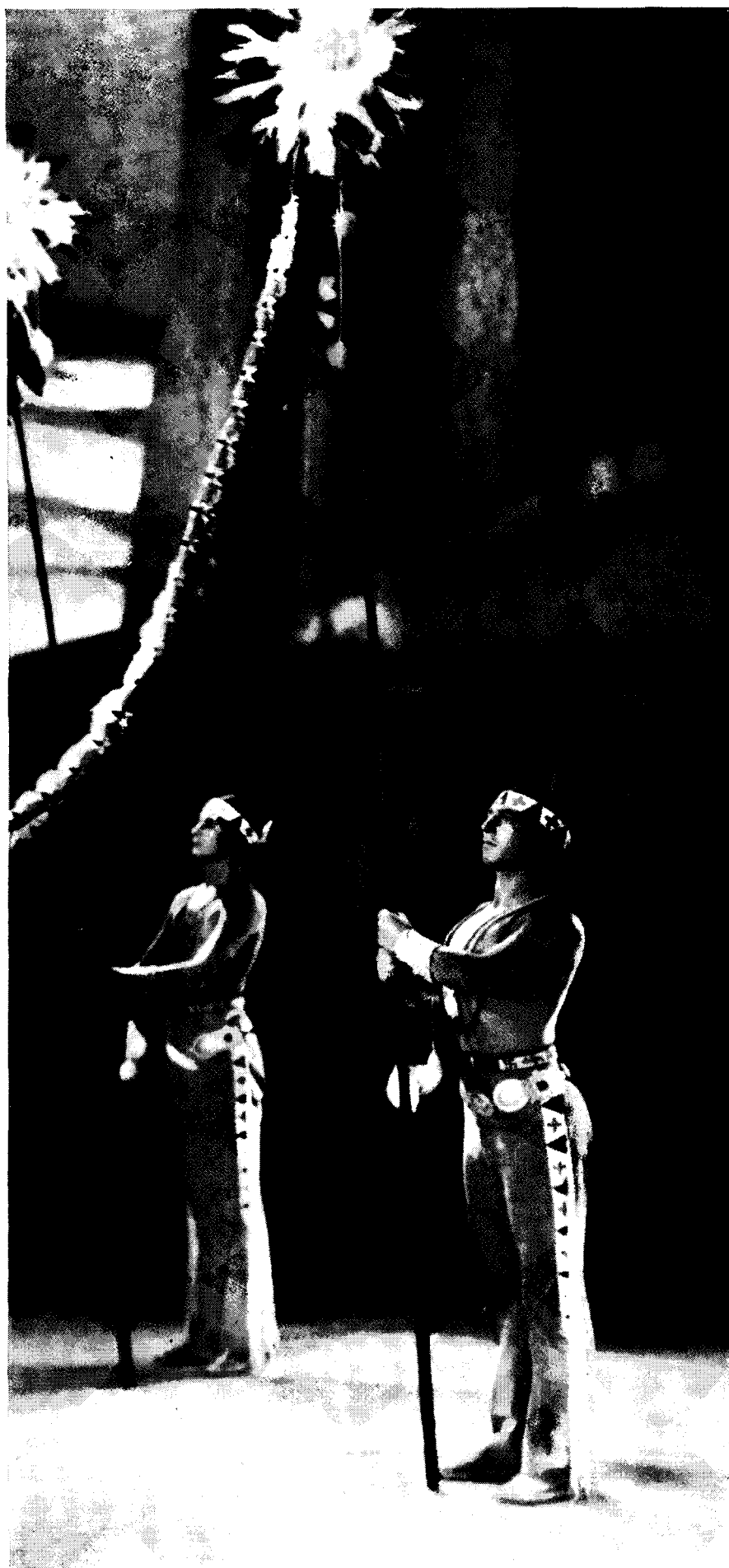
watches, as thin as a wafer. Flo went on a yachting party the next day with Diamond Jim, and when they returned, he asked Brady, "What time is it?" He had already lost his watch.

Telegraphic Bombardments

Space and distance were just as meaningless to Flo. While watching a rehearsal, he would send wires to the actors backstage when he could just as easily talk to them across the footlights. When he was at the United Artists Studio in California, during the filming

of Whoopee, his office was right across a narrow court from the office of William Anthony McGuire, one of the authors of the picture. Their windows were so close to each other they could easily converse and even reach over to shake hands. Still, every morning McGuire received a telegram from Flo. Once, after Flo had wired Bill and Bill had purposely replied by wire, Flo came to his window and called over, "Say, Bill, did you get my telegram?" When McGuire said he did, Flo asked him, "Why didn't you answer me?"

"I did answer you," said Bill, and



The Indian reservation scene in *Whoopee* was the most magnificent of Ziegfeld's career

just then his reply was delivered to Flo by a messenger boy. Flo opened Bill's wire, read it and said to him through the window, "Bill, you don't understand the situation at all. I'll wire you in detail about it." And he did.

Flo took a childish delight in playing this game of telegrams. It was his way of keeping young. Whatever he had on his chest he would put on a telegraph pad. He would board a train at Grand Central, and just a few minutes later the pad was consumed. His manager, who accompanied him to the station, would find three wires on his desk when

he returned. All the other members of the staff would receive duplicate wires, and everybody ran into everybody else to carry out the same instructions. I once asked his secretary, "Have you heard from Zieggy lately?"

"No," she said, "he only sent me one wire today."

He once sent me a twelve-page wire making all sorts of suggestions and criticisms which were so bewildering that I knew if I attempted to answer each point, there would begin the world's longest correspondence in telegraphy. So I simply replied, "Yes."

I thought this would stop the flow of words but he promptly wired back, "Yes what?" and I replied, "Yessir."

Then I received a wire twice as long as the original one in which he said, "What do you mean, 'yessir'?" Do you mean 'yessir' you'll take out the song, or 'yessir' you will put in the line, or 'yessir' you will fix that scene, or 'yessir' you have talked to those actors?" and so on for pages. To this I answered "No, sir." That ended the bombardment for the time being.

A Trick That Didn't Work

But it seems there was often a subtle purpose in this onslaught of wired messages. Toward the end of the season, as the contracts with actors began to expire, Zieggy would send them the most irritating, bewildering stream of wires, scolding and criticizing them so that those who had planned to ask for a raise got worried about their jobs, and were glad to sign again on the old terms.

Once this method didn't work. Zieggy shot me a couple of stinging messages, and instead of blushing with shame, I flushed with anger and came back with a sudden resignation. He quickly wired that he was only kidding me, but it was one time I couldn't see the joke. He had to tack on a thousand dollars a week extra as heart balm for the rest of the season, and then the humor of the messages dawned on me. Those were two expensive wires; they cost him \$20,000.

The telegrams from Flo that I treasure most came toward the end of the 1927 Follies. I had just been taken with a relapse of pleurisy and my physicians had advised me to quit the show. I had been to so many doctors that even when I saw a man with a white coat in a barber shop, I stuck out my tongue and started to undress. Zieggy was then at his Canadian camp on Lake Edward and a rumor had reached him that I was feigning illness. He imagined I was trying to run out on him and sent

Three days later he wired me from his camp: "Caught a little bear at six this morning. Shall I bring him for your kids? Love and kisses, your father, Flo."

In his early years Zieggy had been somewhat of an incorrigible son, and I think all his life he wanted to have some bad boy to look after the way his father had looked after him. While I don't think I was ever bad to Zieggy, I always felt flattered that he called me his boy.

While Zieggy was never considered a great authority on humor, I learned a very important lesson from him in presenting comedy. At the dress rehearsal of *Kid Boots* I asked him what he thought of my scenes and he said, "Everything is all right, Eddie, except your clothes. You don't have to wear exaggerated costumes, because no man who is really funny needs funny clothes."

"But I'm no beauty," I protested.

"Well, I think there's a certain charm in comedy, and it should be set off charmingly. Go and get yourself a neat and well-fitting wardrobe, and I'll pay for it."

I got it to please him, but I was uneasy when I stepped out in front of the footlights. I was afraid that without grotesque make-ups my comedy would suffer, but I got the same laughs as if I had worn big shoes and baggy pants.

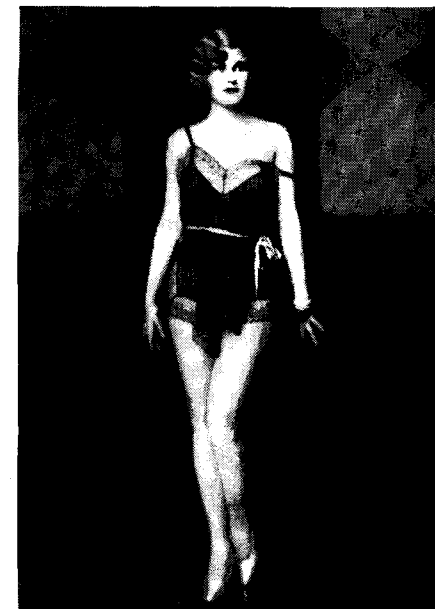
"Didn't I tell you?" said Zieggy, beaming triumphantly. Then I gave him the bill for the wardrobe and he said, "I'm sorry I told you."

The Kid Boots Premiere

Kid Boots opened on New Year's Eve and the seats for the opening night were priced at \$16.50. After the performance, Zieggy came to my dressing-room, changed into his evening clothes to step out, and used my comb and brush. He had rarely unbent that much before. At twelve o'clock the city was a sea of sound . . . sirens, horns and chimes, and Flo and I stood there watching the new



With Ziegfeld, Ruth Etting achieved fame as a blues singer



Hazel Forbes, one of the bevy of beauties who starred in *Whoopee*

me a long, indignant wire bristling with reproaches, but suddenly his mood changed and he concluded: "I have always treated you like a father who dearly loves his child, but you have always been a naughty, expensive child trying to ruin your dear, loving father, and you need a good spanking. Now, Eddie, before it's too late, be a good boy. Love, your heartbroken father."

But when he discovered that I really had pleurisy and that even though my chest was strapped and I was scarcely able to breathe, I had decided the show would go on, he realized his mistake.

year come in. He put his arm around my shoulder and without saying a word, we shook hands. He had brought me to Broadway in my first real vehicle as a musical comedy star. When he left, I found a bottle of fine old wine on the make-up shelf, with a little note from Zieggy. It said, "Drink a toast to me and to the show."

Kid Boots was the only musical production, to my knowledge, that played with practically no changes after opening night, except for the omission of a few dance numbers to save time. The

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Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Jim Farley grinned his way up the political ladder, but forgets the grin occasionally in these hectic days of patronage distribution

The Man who Remembers Too Much

By Ray Tucker

JIM FARLEY'S trouble is that he doesn't realize that you can't keep books in politics. It's a game of forgive and forget."

That's the indictment which politicians level against the beaming, bouncing, good-natured "Jim," and, although it is a strange charge to make against the most exuberant political Elk in the land, the country boy who grinned his way to the top of the political ladder, the man who always accompanies a "No" with a cordial note signed in green ink, it is the chief reason for the grouch against him on Capitol Hill and elsewhere.

The patronage hunters were faint with anger and hunger during the try-out period when distribution of rewards was held up for obvious reasons. But their soreness then doesn't match the bitterness they feel at the manner in which jobs are being given out and the spirit of the giver. What the patronage industry seems to need is a code, especially in view of the conflict of interest and purpose arising from the fact that President Roosevelt seeks to carry on as head of a semi-coalition government, whereas Mr. Farley openly acknowledges that his ambition is to build up a "Democratic organization."

Jim is discovering that it is much harder to be a good fellow on the big-time stage than it was in the more cozy, though more cosmopolitan, confines of New York State, and that it is easier to shine as a political general in wartime, in a campaign, than in days of peace and patronage. The smile and the green ink are beginning to wear rather thin, and the politicians swear that they cannot continue to support the Administration and their henchmen on such unsubstantial fare. Behind many of the

Dispensing federal patronage along strictly party lines, Big Jim Farley has need of more than a large smile and the habit of signing his name in green ink to keep his popularity intact. Some of the boys feel hurt: they say he should learn to forget

tirades against some member or policy of the Administration burn the fires of resentment, political rather than personal, toward the big, bald man who occupies the three posts of Postmaster General, National Chairman and New York State Chairman.

Jim does "keep books," with all the haggling which such a system implies, in greater detail than Washington has ever before seen. In almost every department he has placed a scout whose assignment is to sort out and land jobs for political appointees, and to insure that the credentials of all applicants are in good Democratic order. Working under the feet of Cabinet members and administrative aides, and sometimes over their heads, some of these agents have worn out their welcome and the patience of high officials. It may explain why only one Cabinet member—Secretary Daniel C. Roper, a politician from away back—is coöperating with the National Chairman in a big, Democratic way.

Mr. Hurja Stays Home

The experience of Emil Hurja, Mr. Farley's most eminent job-hunting specialist at the capital, furnishes a painful example of the difficulties less exalted politicians face in getting a cut of pie. Of Finnish descent, the thick-set, sandy-haired, pleasant Mr. Hurja

had set his heart on the post of minister to Finland; he wanted to go back to his forefathers' country as the "boy who had made good in America."

It was expected that all he had to do was ask for the office. But a small-town Tennessee editor, a personal friend of Secretary Hull, hankered harder than Mr. Hurja did, and the latter had to stick to his task of finding jobs for other people.

In such incidents the outraged boys on Capitol Hill get a sour but vengeful feeling of satisfaction, and some compensation for the long but vain vigils which they spend in the anterooms of Mr. Farley and such non-coöperative Cabinet members as Secretaries Perkins, Ickes and Wallace, the three whose departments offer the most expansive field for political promotion.

Mr. Farley admits that he is "hand-cuffed" by certain Cabinet members, who take the idea of a non-political, coalition government much more seriously than he believes to be necessary. Several have retained Republicans in key places, and nothing infuriates a Democratic bigwig more than to sit outside an office door for an hour or two, and then get no satisfaction from the G. O. P. holdover inside. In Washington and in the field, many Democrats charge, Republican partisans have been given positions in which they can, and

do, deliberately spike Administration policies.

The fact that Cabinet members are working under extraordinary pressure, and feel they cannot afford endless patronage disputes, does not soften the senatorial clique. After an impatient wait in the anteroom of Secretary Perkins' office had ended with word that he "would have to come again, as the Secretary is too busy to see you today," the usually chivalrous Pat Harrison of Mississippi clamped his fedora on his head and strode out. It was quite melodramatic.

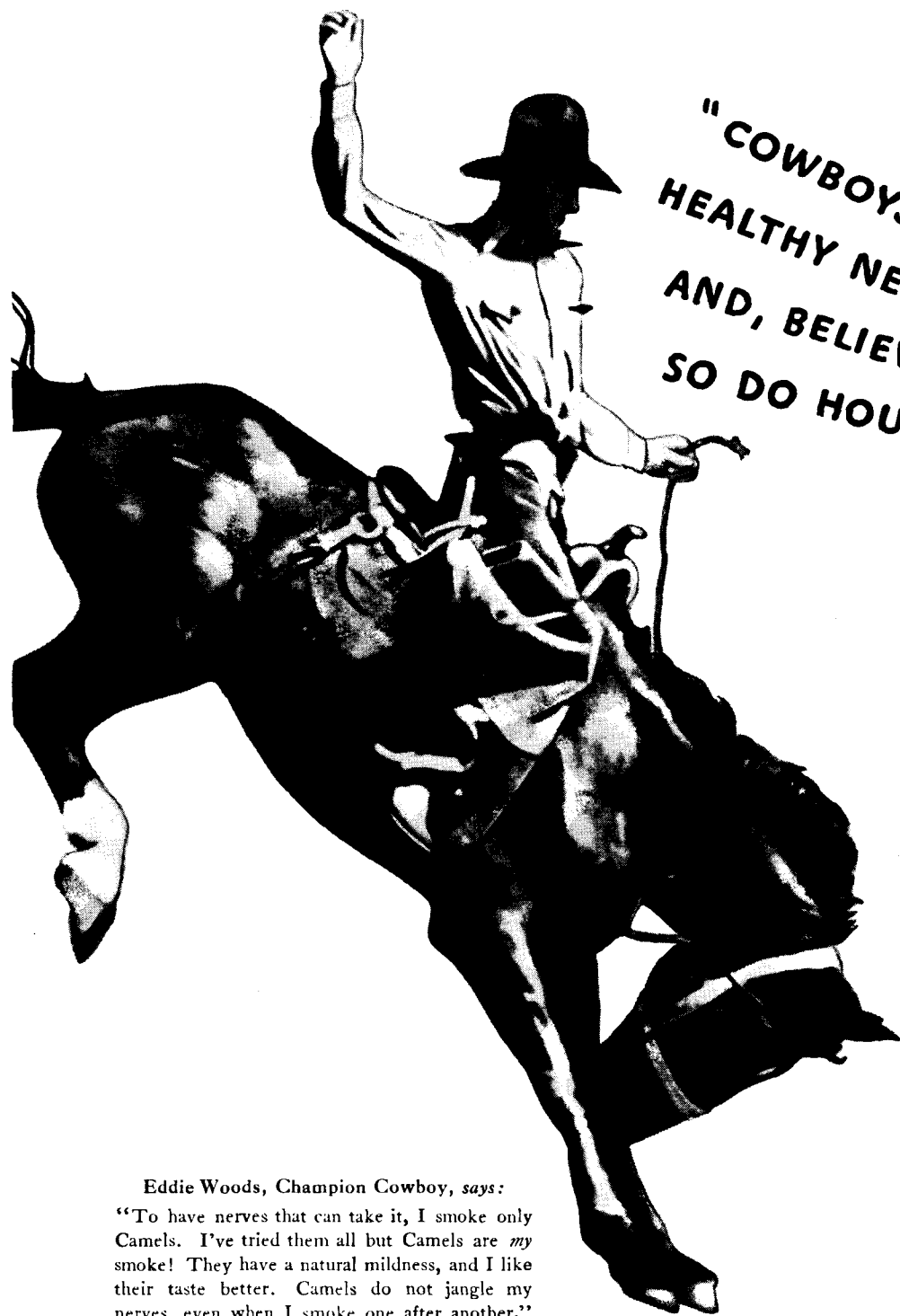
"I'll be damned if I'll come again," he snapped. "This is the last time I cross your threshold."

The Hard-Boiled Accountant

"Look at that!" another senator fairly screamed, his face crimson with anger. The cause of the outburst was a set of greenish blanks addressed to "Honorable James A. Farley," each of which a member must fill out in recommending a candidate for a job. Below the lines reserved for such unimportant details as the applicant's age, residence and qualifications, the congressman must sign a statement to the effect that "if — is appointed, he may be charged to my state." Worse still, there is a space for mysterious entries to be made by Mr. Farley or his aides, and alongside it is the irritating notice: "Do not write in this space." Staring at this reminder of such unpleasant documents as income tax blanks, the statesman mutters: "What do they think I am—nothing but a notary public?"

In applying such bookkeeping routine to the lawlessly individualistic game of

(Continued on page 49)



Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, says:
 "To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness, and I like their taste better. Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one after another."

"COWBOYS NEED
 HEALTHY NERVES —
 AND, BELIEVE ME,
 SO DO HOUSEWIVES"



Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
 Montclair, N. J., says:

"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any woman who is a home maker will agree with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing, answering the doorbell a dozen times a day, and tending to all the other duties of running a household are enough to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I have to be careful in choosing *my* cigarettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker because I can smoke Camels freely without a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

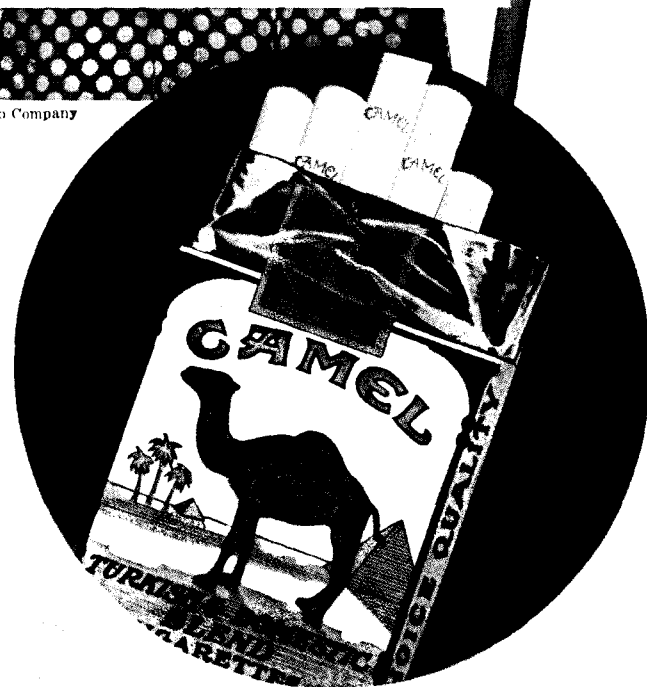
Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we suggest a check-

up now — on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the tobaccos used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you:

 **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.**

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People *do* care about mildness... about good taste... about their nerves. And Camels *never* get on your nerves... never tire your taste.



NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE



Illustrated by George de Zayas

He looked steadily at her. She did not relent. Very slowly his hand slipped into his jacket pocket

Softly, with Emotion

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By George S. Brooks

I BROUGHT you here to tell you that I love you," said Dimitri. It was very impressive because he knew how to say such things.

The girl looked about her. There was the mirror pool, pleasantly mysterious in the moonlight, the wistaria-draped wall, the recessed bench, the sound of the hotel orchestra playing in the casino. Beside her was the tall, fascinating man whom she did not believe. It was perfect. Just a little too perfect.

"Quite your favorite hunting ground," she returned.

"Oh, yes," he agreed.

It is disconcerting to insult a man and then have him agree with you. "Do you always tell women that you brought them here to tell them that you love them?"

"Only beautiful women."

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me. Thank God."

They both laughed. But her amusement was less confident than it had been. He was obviously not a man who could be laughed off, casually, upon a spring evening.

It's too bad, she thought. The world being so imperfect, it was a sinful waste for any one man to have Dimitri's baritone voice, his handsome face, his continental wit and courtly manner. He should be compelled to declare a stock dividend and split his attraction, four for one.

"Isn't it too bad that I love my husband?"

"A major sin. If true."

"Oh, no. Just a minor vice."

"You're much too lovely for a fate like that."

She sighed. It would be very pleasant to believe him. It would also be very easy. But, after all, convincing women that he loved them was his avocation. Valeria had heard it whispered, by women in a position to know, that this musician held the number one rating among international heart-breakers.

Instead of the Davis, he had brought the Loving Cup back to America.

"Tell me. How do you proceed against a woman who loves her husband?"

The man lighted a cigarette, holding the match so that he showed his perfect profile. It was not done obviously or theatrically, but it was singularly effective. "First," he answered slowly, "I try to learn the husband's secret. I find out how he attracted her."

"I see. And then?"

"When I've mastered that, I'm his superior. Because I am more versatile." He leaned forward. "Tell me. How did your husband make you love him?"

She smiled. "I think it was his shyness."

"Yes. Yes. Of course. What else?"

"And he was so desperately in love with me."

"I see."

VALERIA had a momentary sense of uneasiness. She enjoyed a mild flirtation. It was the natural antidote for marriage. But this man's attack was novel, bewildering. He admitted everything. Made no apologies for himself. She must put him in his corner. "When we came out here, Shelia was watching us. Shelia was very hurt. She's a dear friend of mine."

"Shelia? Shelia?" The man repeated the name as if it were vaguely familiar.

"Last evening's conquest," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes. Of course." He nodded. "Her eyes are something like yours."

"Poor Mrs. Stainer. You've hardly been civil to her since whatever happened that did happen Sunday."

"Her voice is low, like yours. A lovely voice."

"That swimming girl, this afternoon." "Almost as graceful as you are, Valeria."

"Do you like me, upon the installment plan?"

"Like you? I love you. But I love you best ensemble. As you are now. Beside me." He spoke quickly, with the incisive phrases of the Cossack soldier he had been, before a music critic had ever heard him sing. "Valeria. You must listen to me now. I've told you that Shelia—is that her name?—that Shelia has your eyes. I've looked in them. But Shelia is not you. I cannot trick myself."

"Indeed?" Her tone was not encouraging.

"I've tried to drug myself, Valeria, with another's eyes, voice, grace, wit, charm. Then, when I see you, the incomparable, I can endure no other. Within me, I am an artist. That is why I loved you. The artist is ever anxious for perfection."

She was humbled and a little frightened. Valeria played safely, but she also played fairly. She wished to be loved and to love like the Venetian Serenade—"Dolente Con Emozione." Softly, with emotion. She shrank from a Wagnerian outburst of passion. Men and women behaved foolishly when they loved as Dimitri did.

She blamed herself a little for having encouraged him. But she had been curi-

ous to learn why other women . . . "You do that well, Dimitri."

"You think I am acting?"

"Splendidly." That was her only possible avenue of retreat now. She must pretend entire disbelief.

"Must I kill myself to prove to you how much I care?"

She wished, she prayed someone would interrupt them. She swallowed. Her voice sounded strangely. "Yes, Dimitri. I'm afraid you must."

He looked steadily at her. She did not relent. Very slowly his hand slipped into his jacket pocket. It came out with a little bottle of thick glass. "When I was a soldier, in the Siberian campaign," said he slowly, "there was no hospital train. So the surgeons gave us these little flasks. It is easier for a disabled man to draw the cork than to freeze to death."

"Dimitri!"

"You don't believe me?"

"No." She mustn't let herself believe him. What an awful scandal! She could never face it. What selfish brutes men were, to threaten women! . . .

Without ever knowing where or how she found the strength, she rose, ran headlong toward the lights; the safe, shaded lamps of well-ordered society in the resort lounge.

On the bench, the tall man watched her gleaming silver slippers upon the path until they vanished. Then, with a regretful sigh, he drew the lead stopper from his tiny crystal flask, put back his head and swallowed the liquid.

NO LUCK tonight, maestro?" asked the club steward behind the service bar.

"No." Dimitri shook his head. "She would have let me kill myself, the selfish little cat. A pony of brandy and fill my spot flask again." He handed over a tiny flask with a lead stopper, while the steward reached for the best brandy and the smallest funnel behind the bar.

THE BIG ENGINEERING ADVANCE FOR 1934 WAS MADE BY REO IN 1933!

THE CAR WITHOUT A GEARSHIFT LEVER



ANYONE who has yet to familiarize himself with the operation of the car without a gearshift lever—the new SELF-SHIFTING REO—is missing perhaps the most important automotive development of the last 15 or 20 years!

Since May, 1933, this amazing car has served thousands of delighted owners in every part of the world, under every conceivable condition of road and climate.

So revolutionary has it proved, so practical and advantageous, that leading engineers are now predicting that ALL cars will eventually have automatic transmissions of the REO SELF-SHIFTER type.

In other cars—*eventually*. In the new Reo—NOW! Bear *that* in mind when you choose your new car for 1934!

NO EFFORT—NO STRAIN OR FATIGUE

Think of eliminating the work and bother of shifting gears!

Picture yourself driving with the utmost ease and comfort—even in dense traffic lines where constant starting and stopping are necessary—without having to manipulate a gearshift lever!

In the SELF-SHIFTING REO this work is performed *automatically*—silently, smoothly and without strain on motor or driver.

Accelerate and go *automatically* into high!

Slow down and change back *automatically* to the proper ratio! No action or effort on the driver's part. Wholly relaxed, with hands on the wheel and eyes on the road, he is not continually turning his attention to a shifting lever.

Is it any wonder owners are saying this new Reo is a SAFER car to drive? That it is less tiresome—and ever so much easier and more enjoyable!

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

The letters from REO SELF-SHIFTER owners are the most enthusiastic of the many thousands it has been our pleasure to receive in 30 years of Reo-building.

Even men and women who never could be induced to drive before are now enjoying the pleasures of motoring—because this car has taught them there is no need to dread traffic, no occasion for worry about strain or fatigue.

It has shown them that even an inexperienced driver can match the experts in sweeping away from the traffic light—

That three can ride comfortably in front, because there is no gearshift lever to take up valuable room—

That they may enter or leave the car from the curb, without stumbling over a shifting lever or exposing themselves to the dangers of the street side.

Above all, it has shown the world that the

automatic transmission is a logical and desirable advance—here to stay and here to signalize a brilliant new chapter in the history of the automobile.

BE SAFE—BE UP-TO-DATE!

The industry as a whole recognizes its importance. Heroic efforts are being made to develop transmissions that will compare with Reo's in feasibility and mechanical perfection.

But in the meantime the alert buyer will realize that the BIG automotive advance for 1934 was announced by Reo in 1933—

That the car being predicted for the future is already here!

Others are experimenting, planning, predicting—but the exclusive, patented SELF-SHIFTING REO has already *proved its case*!

The wise buyer will choose the new Reo because it is a car of superb quality and appearance, because it will be up-to-date for years to come—

And because it will NOT suddenly be made obsolete when other manufacturers find an answer to the inevitable demand for automatic transmissions!



WRITE today for copy of interesting booklet, PROOF, containing enthusiastic comments of Reo owners. Also detailed explanation of Reo Self-Shifter operation.

STANDARD REO \$795 SELF-SHIFTER \$870
FLYING CLOUD

(All prices standard models f. o. b. Lansing, plus tax)

See the car without a gearshift lever at your Automobile Show—See your Reo dealer for a demonstration

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICH.

YOUNG Bob Fitzsimmons built a house for his family on a piece of rock overlooking a lake in New Jersey. On a blustery day with gusts of wind dotting the lake with whitecaps he sat in front of his house and talked about his father, whom they called Ruby Robert, and about his own ring career, which fight critics say has been a failure. He mentioned without bitterness that his manager had been unable to get him a fight for more than a year.

He talked and his wife and two children laughed and romped about with the wind painting their cheeks. They formed a background against which Bob told his story. As he talked there emerged a picture of Ruby Robert painted by the son who worshiped him, and also a picture of young Bob, who is so unlike his famous father.

Now I had seen young Bob box many times. There was, for instance, that night in 1926. . . .

The lobby of the Garden was filled with the usual fight-night assortment of tin-horn gamblers talking in thousands and laying two-dollar bets. Leaning against the posts or standing around were the usual West Side bad boys, portly politicians with cigar ashes on their vests; seedy-looking "Lend me a deuce until next week, will ya?" boys, and among them stalked the few inevitable punch-drunk fighters who were good when they had it but who now didn't have it any more. You couldn't throw a stone in the Garden lobby on a fight night without hitting someone with a police record. You met people there you had thought dead for years.

Young Bob Fitzsimmons was to fight Jack Delaney that night. The appearance of Young Bob was excuse enough for the ear-benders to wallow in sentimental orgies about the one and only Ruby Robert.

Ruby Bob Has His Joke

"How I worshiped Old Fitz!" a sports writer said with a reminiscent gleam in his eyes. "When I was a kid living in Brooklyn, Old Fitz was booked to appear in a show at the Star Theater. Night after night I waited outside of the stage door to see him come out. One night I sneaked backstage while the show was going on. Part of Fitz's act was to forge a horseshoe on the stage. He went through the whole performance, heating the iron and then hammering it into a shoe. Coming off the stage that night he saw me.

"What are you doing here, kid?" he asked, and I told him that I'd sneaked in. Believe me, I was proud of actually talking to the champion.

"Old Fitz laughed and then he said, 'Kid, you're all right. Here's a little souvenir from me to you,' and he held out the horseshoe. Tickled to death, I grabbed it and then let out a yell. Although it was black now, that horseshoe was still hot. Old Fitz laughed until tears came into his eyes. Say, I carried the scar of that burn for years. Oh, he was a great fellow, Old Fitz was, a great practical joker. His kid will never be the man he was."

Now there was a little commotion in the lobby. A dapper top-hatted figure sauntered in and the stumble bums, the West Side bad boys, the punch-drunk fighters and the ordinary fight fans all called, "Hello, Jimmy . . . how ya bet-



Old Bob Fitzsimmons tried to teach Young Bob to "take it"

J. Jay Hirz

A Great Man's Son

Bob Fitzsimmons raised his son to be a fighter. Young Bob double-crossed the old man and turned out to be a boxer. Nobody loves a boxer. Today, at the height of his powers, young Fitz can't get a match. He lacks something his father had—or maybe he has something Ruby Robert lacked

By Quentin Reynolds

tin', Jimmy. . . . How arya, Jimmy. . . ." The mayor of New York had a smile and a word of greeting for everyone. Mayor Jimmy Walker smiled very easily in those days.

A few minutes later Joe Humphries was introducing Young Bob and Jack Delaney. The crowd looked at young Fitz with curiosity. It was his first appearance in the Garden.

Young Bob looked something like his father. He had those same shoulders,

just a bit bulkier, and his waist was narrow, topping slim legs. The fight began.

They were two lovely boxers to watch—but two lovely boxers can make one lousy fight. Young Bob kept waiting for Delaney to lead and Delaney kept waiting for Bob to lead. Now and then Delaney would rush and Bob would sidestep neatly, slipping away from that dangerous right hand that Delaney carried. The crowd didn't like it

much because a fight crowd likes blood and thunder. Both men were trying, both were master boxers—and the crowd booed them.

It was close to the end. Delaney got the decision. Mayor Jimmy Walker, sitting in the second row, turned to William Muldoon, who was then Boxing Commissioner, and said, "That Fitzsimmons is a nice boxer but he just isn't cut out for fighting. He doesn't like it enough and you've got to like it or you won't get far."

Muldoon, who had known Old Fitz, nodded and said: "His old man liked it, all right."

Ice Cream for a Fighter's Son

I walked up to Fitz's dressing-room and he was just stepping out of a shower. He dressed and we walked out of the Garden to Eighth Avenue.

"I'd give anything for a plate of ice cream," Bob said. Over the ice cream we talked about many things and finally switched to boxing.

"They don't like my style of boxing," Bob said thoughtfully. "What they like is a knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out fighter who'll wade in there wide open, taking a dozen punches to land one. I wasn't taught that kind of a game. I can't go in there just slugging. After all, I've got a wife and kid and I can't afford to end up walking on my heels like so many of the boys in this game do."

We talked for a long time and ate more ice cream and then Bob said, "You know I never would have been a boxer if a kid in Timaru, New Zealand, hadn't been cheated out of winning a prayer book with gold clasps."

"Go on from there."

"Well," Bob started, "my father was always a religious man. When he was a kid he was helping his father in the blacksmith shop during the week and going to church and Sunday-school every Sunday. The kids had to memorize hymns, prayers, psalms and what they call 'collects.' The preacher decided to have a contest conducted like a spelling bee with a prayer book for first prize. My father studied for that contest as hard as he ever trained for a fight.

"The day came and finally all of the kids were eliminated except my father and the preacher's son. The preacher gave his son easy questions and he gave my father the tough ones, but Father knew his hymns and psalms all right and he more than held his own. It ended in a draw, but the preacher gave that prayer book with the gold clasps to his son. Well, this made Father real mad. That night he lay in wait for the preacher's son, who was about twenty pounds heavier than my father. He hit that kid just once and the kid went out like a light. Father grabbed that prayer book with the gold clasps and ran.

"Now that was the first time Father had ever hit anyone and the first time he ever knew he had something miraculous in his left arm. His fame spread around the neighborhood and soon he had to fight a few kids who wanted to be shown. He licked them all and the first thing he knew he was a professional boxer. Then when I was born, of course my career was all mapped out."

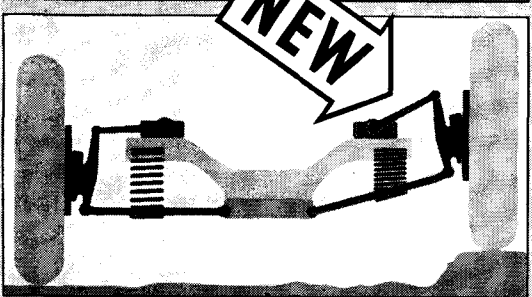
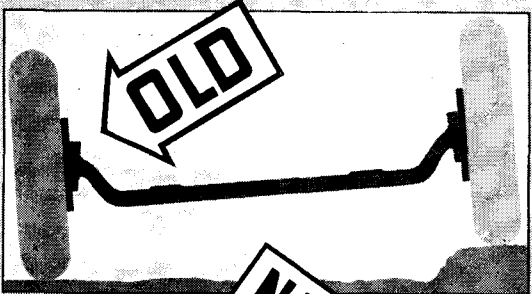
True enough. When young Bob

(Continued on page 43)

Still JUST A FEW



OVER AND OVER—down the hillside rolled a big Dodge. Bouncing, crashing, somersaulting in mid-air. Rights itself... and drives away under its own power! What a test—and what convincing proof of the safety of the Dodge all-steel body!



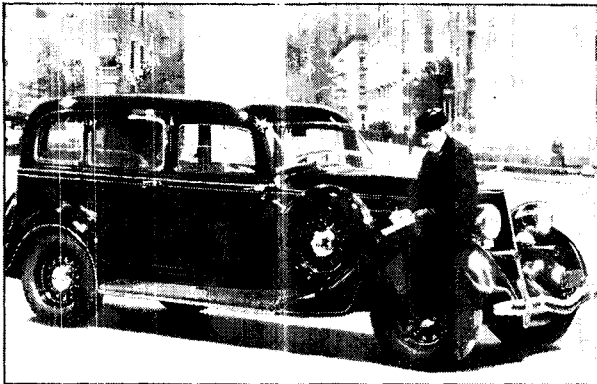
DODGE "FLOATING-CUSHION" WHEELS—No matter how bumpy the road may be Dodge new front-wheel suspension assures smooth, level riding. When either front wheel of the Dodge strikes a bump, the wheel—independent of the rest of the car—rises and falls with the bump. No tilting of the car. With "Floating-Cushion" Wheels (tested over thousands of miles of rocky, furrowed country), patented Floating Power engine mountings, hydraulic shock absorbers, shock proof cross-steering, Airwheel tires and long 117-inch wheelbase, Dodge is the *only* car in its field to offer all these advantages!



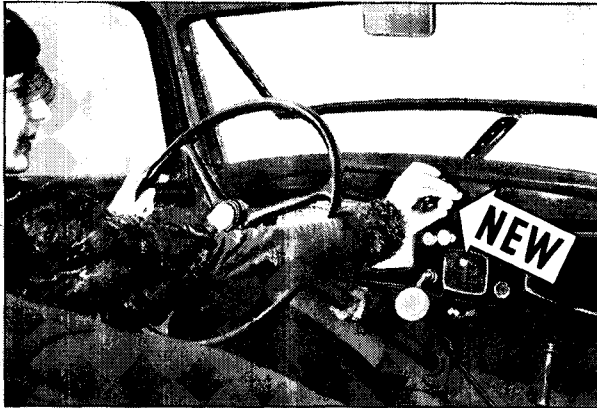
AUTOMATIC CLUTCH—Yes, you can sit on your left foot and drive this new Dodge. Stop, start, back up, without touching your clutch pedal. Takes all the curse out of city driving... makes shifting as simple and easy as waving your hand. Try it... and be amazed!



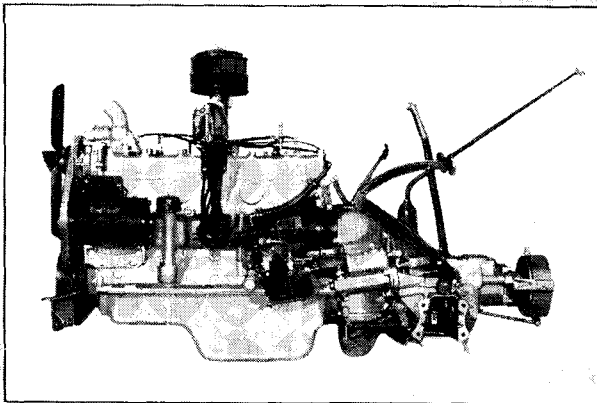
DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST PRICED CARS



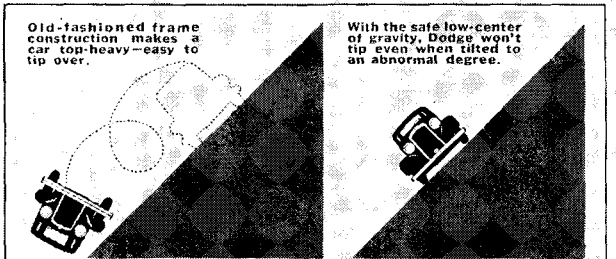
IDA M. TARBELL—famous writer and biographer, shows how smoothly the new bigger Dodge runs with Floating Power engine mountings. Engine vibrations—which jar ordinary cars and make them “jitter”—are smothered and absorbed by Floating Power. They never reach the frame or body of the new Dodge—that is why it rides so smoothly, so evenly, at every speed. You can drive long distances without feeling fatigue and the life of the car is prolonged because harmful vibration isn’t jolting and shaking every part of the body.



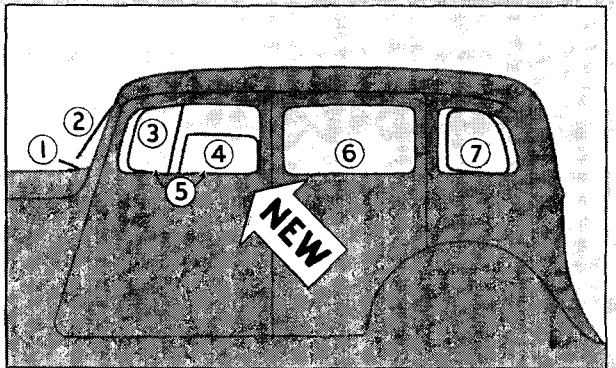
WINDSHIELD OPENS NEW EASY WAY—Turn the handy crank, and the strip of spring steel unwinds as smooth as flowing oil. Due to center mounting and constant spring pressure, rattling is impossible.



NEW DODGE ENGINE—More powerful... extra efficient, too. Has many money-saving features such as valve seat inserts that save gas and give thousands of extra miles without valve grinding. Carefully built like expensive cars... for example: pistons, connecting rods, pins and rings are matched in sets for perfect balance. Dodge gives you speed and pep... plus economy.



STURDY DODGE FRAME—the Dodge double-drop X-bridge-type frame is not only ten times more rigid than ordinary frame construction, it also brings the new, bigger Dodge low to the ground so it has low center of gravity. Lets you take sharp turns with safety.



NEW DODGE “7-POINT VENTILATION”—Now Dodge offers an improved and perfected ventilating system. (1) Cowl ventilator. (2) Windshield opens or closes by means of crank on the instrument board. (3) Front half of forward windows may be swung open in “butterfly” fashion. (4) Rear half of the window can be raised or lowered independently of the “butterfly.” (5) Both halves of the forward window may be locked into a single unit and raised or lowered together just as a regular window. (6) Rear door window, raised or lowered. (7) Rear quarter window has “butterfly” draft control.

Dodge “7-Point Ventilation” is more than a way of controlling drafts. It is “ventilation as you-like-it!” It allows for thorough ventilation under all conditions of weather and climate. Amazingly easy to operate. Eliminates the hazard of windows breaking—a fault common with ordinary systems.



MISS MIMI ELAINE RICHARDSON—one of the season’s loveliest debutantes, demonstrates how quickly and surely Dodge hydraulic brakes work. They stop instantly—and are always equalized. That is why they are safe and dependable in all kinds of weather.

Unique “Show-Down” Plan Bares Secrets of Motor-Car Value!

It isn’t easy to compare car values—until after you have purchased a car. Just a demonstration... just a trial drive... won’t tell the whole story. You have to give a car the test of miles and months and hard usage before you can tell how good it is!

But if you’ll use the Dodge “Show-Down” Plan when you select your next car, you can tell the value you’re getting—before you buy!

The “Show-Down” Plan actually takes all the guesswork and gamble out of car-buying. It lets you compare cars feature-for-feature... point-by-

point... quality-for-quality. It shows you everything your dollars are buying. It takes the mystery out of technical terms. Strips mechanical language of its complicated words and puts it into everyday English that even a child could understand.

The “Show-Down” Plan X-rays cars. Uncovers secrets about performance... safety... comfort and economy.

And it’s so simple, so easy. In a few minutes you can learn all the facts it would ordinarily take hours to gather. You don’t have to have three or

four or more cars demonstrated. You see it all... get it all... in one sitting with the “Show-Down” Plan.

Ask any Dodge dealer about this amazing plan. And be sure to ask for the “Show-Down” Score Card. Take it home with you. See the things you want to know about the new cars printed there in plain black-and-white!

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Advertisement endorsed by Dept. of Engineering
Chrysler Motors



NEW BIGGER DODGE \$645

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AND UP
F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT



"If I never see you again," Solano said, "I want you to know that I admire this thing that you do"

Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

The Story Thus Far:

HARASSED by cattle thieves, Tom Cloud, owner of the Flying K ranch in the Valley of the Witch in Lower California, takes a partner—a mysterious personage known as "El Fuerte," who promises to rid the ranch of cattle rustlers. That promise the Mexican keeps. In doing so, however, he kills the son of the wealthy old Solano, a neighbor who is known as one who never forgives an injury.

Expecting trouble, Cloud receives a surprise. Solano, unarmed, calls on him, warns him to beware of El Fuerte. Amazed and amused (El Fuerte is apparently merely a harmless swaggering boaster), Cloud ignores the warning. . . . The young rancher has two neighbors: John Boyce and his beautiful wife, Kathleen. Boyce is a drunken brute. His insults, his cruelties, Kathleen finds unbearable. And, thrown together frequently, she and Tom Cloud are in love.

Not at all alarmed by Solano's warning, Cloud is vaguely disturbed when El Fuerte and Kathleen are together. The Mexican, he observes, seems to exercise an almost hypnotic power over her. He begins to wonder what manner of man this swaggering El Fuerte really is. And presently he learns.

But before he learns, John Boyce is murdered. And only one man—El Fuerte—knows that the murderer is—El Fuerte! . . . Seated in the alcalde's house, in the near-by town of La Partida, Cloud's partner tells

him a strange story. He is, he says, a great leader. With his "secretary," del Pino, he has organized the natives, armed them. Soon he will lead the people of Lower California in a great revolution. "Are you," he says, "for or against me?"

Cloud, in a perilous position, spurs for time. "I'll give you my answer tomorrow," he says. A fiesta is in progress in the town. An hour later, Cloud and Kathleen, standing in the alcalde's home, are watching it. The streets are crowded. Thousands are roaring the name of the mighty El Fuerte! The great man himself, in exuberant mood, dashes in. He slaps Cloud on the back, kisses Kathleen! Then: "Tomorrow night, my friends, I will have something to show you. Wait!"

Late that night, Kathleen hears a serenade beneath her window. She listens to a love song; and she knows who is singing. El Fuerte!

She does not care for El Fuerte; on the contrary, she dislikes him. But she is well aware that something in the man disturbs her, agitates her strangely—something she must resist. The song ends. Then—

Slowly, as though in a trance, she rises, slips on a serape, moves into the hall and, stealing to the door, unlatches it.

X

AS THE door opened a draft of icy air rushed about Kathleen's ankles, and her breath caught in her throat as if she had been suddenly awakened from a hypnotic sleep. Out where the wall ran through shadow the guitar still murmured, improvising for the moment; but against a post of the gallery, facing her, a figure was silhouetted against the faint luminosity of the low sky. It was a tall, lean-shouldered figure with a broad-brimmed hat, and it lounged against the post very casually and quite relaxed—the figure of Tom Cloud.

For a moment neither of them moved. Then Kathleen gave a little gasp, and took two quick steps toward him before she swayed, and her knees bent, and he caught her in his arms.

He picked her up and carried her in, and put her into her bed. Then for a while he knelt beside the bed with his

arms about her, and brushed her soft hair away from her face with his big fingers. She clung to him, incoherently repeating his name, completely unstrung.

Presently, when she seemed relaxed and steady in his arms, he kissed her once, gently, as he might have kissed a child; and disengaged himself.

She said, "Don't go away from me any more."

"Just for a little while. You try to go to sleep."

OUTSIDE, only ten yards from the window, El Fuerte still sang, very softly now, so that the sound seemed very far away:

*"Souls that love each other
Have no goodbys—"*

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet," he whispered. "Rest easy, child. I'll come back when I can."

Moving silently, he stepped out through the window, and walked across

(Continued on page 39)

Paper remembers... so you can forget!

How much did the
What is the data
Brown & Co. have
sent in that order
Must order copper
tubing...Trace ship
ment of...Call on C
Stevens Corp...Inc
tax...Conference at
11:30...Get special
code ruling...Insur
ance...Jack up Chic
office...Quotations
coal...New price
...Bank balance...R
port to directors.
...Must get out let
to salesmen...Buy
shares of...Lease
piring on...Must a
advertising schedul
What was his name.
Market survey of Cal
ifornia...Step up
duction...What was
name of that man fr
Oklahoma...Gosh! If
I could only get m
more time to think
could make this bu
grow.

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Position _____

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Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 17

his arms were around her, not exactly in an embrace, but simply to hold her back.

"Kit, you poor kid, what did I say? What are you crying about? I wasn't kidding—honest, I wasn't. Why, you must be crazy! Ask Larry, ask anybody, and see if they don't tell you to your face you're the cutest trick south of Forty-second Street. Now, then; doesn't that make it all right?"

"No," said Kit, shaking her head violently.

"Why not? What more can I say than just that—just the God-honest truth?"

"Nothing. I don't want you to say anything. You've done me a dirty trick, and you know it. You tripped me up just to see me cry."

"I didn't!" protested Tony. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you for the world. Say, what do you mean by trying to pin something on me I never did?"

Kit released herself by a violent twist of her agile body. "I didn't think you could ever do a thing like that," she cried on her way to the door. "I used to like you, but I don't any more."

She went, leaving him bewildered, wholly unconscious of having given her the thrill of her life. She would have liked to rush to Regis to describe the amazing interlude moment by moment and point by point, but Regis no longer offered a refuge; she was changed. In some subtle manner she had become inaccessible—not unfriendly, nor distant, but somehow withdrawn. It was queer, living with somebody who looked lovelier than usual, never raised her voice, often smiled, and yet remained outside of what you were thinking and doing.

She had invented a new game. It consisted in making abstracts, hand-written in a tiny notebook, of certain securities she felt would surely interest him sooner or later. She looked forward to startling Raglan out of his lethargic mood with her lightning execution of some intricate request.

THE thought of his calm led her to wonder if her own could be merely a reflection. He puzzled her. Had he no feelings, no normal reactions? If he had, were they masked behind weakness or strength?

The truth escaped her through its sheer simplicity. Raglan, at the moment, was neither strong nor weak; he was merely somnolent. Months of idleness, coupled with the infection of the depressed spirits of the world in general, had plunged him into a species of coma from which he might not have awakened for weeks save for a bit of chance information. He suspected a movement to retire the entire issue of Bakeware sixes. Promptly Regis was put to work and in due course, the background being all and more than it should be, he took his usual first step toward horning in on the transaction by buying outright a large block of the bonds.

That was on the eve of the second Waterloo. Within a week, his cash reserves depleted, he suffered a sickening blow and came to his senses to find himself on a marginal basis; his Bakeware holdings had sunk out of bounds—they were no longer collateral. Bonds—all bonds—had taken a slip. Incredulous, he held on. Then certain issues, among them the pet offerings of banking houses with a long tradition of honor, hit the toboggan and started on their long slide toward an irreducible zero.

Fourteen months ago he had been worth slightly over a million in bonds, his principal holding being the solid Bolivar Nitrate Fives sponsored by two of the greatest banking houses in the country. Then had come what looked like the opportunity of a lifetime—Bakeware. The company had gone

into receivership before the crash and he believed himself to be alone in sensing that that fact was putting it on its feet. Relieved by the receivership of the burden of vast fixed charges on a large indebtedness, it had quietly been piling up a cash reserve of millions. He deduced a reorganization to be inevitable. Its bonds could be picked up easily at ten, and he saw a chance of quadrupling his money in the terms of the new securities.

His loose cash at that time had amounted to fifty thousand dollars and he thought he was being extremely conservative when he spent twice that amount, buying a million par value of the discredited issue and putting up his Bolivars as security for the moderate bank loan. Within two weeks the incredible happened: Bolivar Fives pitched into their historic slide. Starting from a peak of well over a thousand dollars they were destined to tumble to the price of a taxi twice around the park! Looking back, there

the Old Man of the Sea on his back. He was liquid to the extent of thirty thousand dollars. With an overhead of twenty-nine thousand a year, thirty thousand stood between him and nothing.

LONG since passed dividends had become the rule, not the exception. Abruptly the monthly checks—one from his open and the other from his private account—which he mailed to Eleanor and Dora on the first of each month, assumed an astonishing disproportion to the balance of his dwindling income. He dictated a letter to Eleanor and wrote a note to Dora in his own hand, setting forth the facts, enclosing halved allowances and promising to make good the differences as soon as conditions permitted. He had almost forgotten this incident amid the tangle of his increasing troubles when the answers came. Neither of his former wives wrote to him direct; each addressed him through her lawyer, and the two letters



"Watch, Ed. This oughta be good. I'm gonna let go a couple o' shots"

Jay Irving

were ten, twenty, a hundred stages in the astonishing decline where he should have taken his medicine, sold enough to clear himself of that miserable little fifty thousand loan. But who could have believed what was coming? Nobody.

THE day came when he was called for collateral—it did not come slowly or with due warning, but overnight. He had plenty, of course—so much that it lulled him against a danger unseen by the most astute. Then, quite suddenly, like a dream, a nightmare, he found himself putting up more—and more. The hour struck when the gilt-edged Antidoras he had bought at ninety-seven defaulted—not through lack of earnings but by government embargo—and tumbled toward a low of eight. Immediately he was jockeyed into the position of holding on for dear life.

He sacrificed time and again, but always the minimum. Holding on—holding on to ride back! Say all his original million had been in the stalwart Bolivars bought at par, today they would stand for the midget sum of twenty-five hundred dollars in cash! Fortunately his list had been fairly diversified, but even so, on this gray March day of 1933, he was in a bad way. The Bakewares, cause of all the trouble, had long since been written off as trash; now overhead had taken their place as

were so alike both in terminology and intent that he threw back his head and laughed.

It was his last laugh for many a day. He began by conversing flippantly over the telephone with the two attorneys, then seriously, then amazedly, and finally ended by rushing to his own lawyer. He came out from that interview a chastened man. For years he had read newspaper stories about the county jail and its alimony club and found them invariably amusing, the sort of ever-welcome filler a reporter can fall back on to plug a void in the daily news. Now he had to revise his estimate of that enforced association as a source of light reading matter and substitute a monstrous institution with fangs and the power and the will to use them. His incredulity yielded slowly to astonishment and then to a feeling of anger which started as a smoldering spark and increased steadily to a consuming fire. He hurried away, fearful of making an exhibition of himself before his matter-of-fact adviser.

The need for a vent to his feelings drove him into the presence of Tony Allerton. "Can you believe a thing like that, Tony? A man can't be imprisoned for debt in any civilized country—oh, no!—but right here in the city of New York he can be thrown in jail for contempt of court arising from an inability

to pay. Do you get it? I'm not telling you a joke but a fact. A man can be jailed and left till he rots for not coming across with alimony even if it would mean financial ruin if he did."

"He can sue for a readjustment, can't he?"

"He can, but he'd be a fool to try while he had property and a string of bonds he was straining every nerve to hold. It doesn't make any difference whether the woman lived with him five days or five years, whether she was a help or a drag on his feet, whether she bore children or only charge accounts. Nothing in the line of common sense has anything to do with it. If he married her, he's hooked; God and the courts give her the right not only to squeeze his pocketbook flat but to jail him in the bargain. For no profit, mind you—just because she loves the smell of burning flesh!"

"I admit there's a lot of hokey about the law," said Allerton sympathetically, "but you're forgetting your own share of the bunk."

"No, I'm not," said Raglan quickly; "I was coming to that. You mean the sloppy sentimentality that says no gentleman is a gentleman if he fails to pose as the guilty party. But what is he if he does? I'll tell you. He's a goof, and every woman knows it. That's what I am—a monkey on a stick with two women pulling the strings from across the seas to see me jerk!"

"I DON'T see what else you could have done," said Tony.

"I could have done a lot," asserted Raglan; "I could have divorced them both. Marriage has certain rights of its own that neither party to it can ever shake—rights that go deep. If a woman bears you children or helped you build up—that's different; she's in on the pot to the last gasp and welcome. But I could have given Eleanor the choice between being a real wife or getting out and she would have run for the door. As for the other, there was nothing to it—I could have thrown her out in open court on the grounds of false pretenses. But where does that get me? When I was loaded with cash I made the grand gesture, said a man who could be as big a fool as that ought to be willing to pay the price. But now that the big money's gone, and I have to squeeze every cent to keep what's left, what do they yell at me? Pay or go to jail. Do you think I came in here just to yelp? Not on your life! There's always a way out, and I'm looking for it." He paused. "Well? Can't you say something?"

"What is there to say," began Tony nervously, "except—"

"Oh, come on!" snapped Raglan impatiently, "you're not swaddling a newborn babe. Except what?"

"That you've got to take your medicine."

"Bright boy! Of course! But which medicine? Are you advising me to go to jail?"

"No," said Tony, feeling miserable.

"Good. You're not. Well, then, since alimony fingers its nose at bankruptcy, just what are you advising?"

There was a prolonged pause. "I don't know," murmured Allerton.

"Your brain's gone soggy, Tony," said Raglan pityingly. "Get out of the office into the air. I mean it. Play golf every afternoon for a week. I'm going to need a man before long, and you're elected."

Raglan stood looking down into the graveyard which had become the symbol for an entire district. The financial heart of the land was sick unto death, consequently the greatest country on earth was dead on its feet, thereby setting an example for the rest of

the known world. But he was not thinking of the graveyard or its implications; he was looking back, arranging all the component elements of chaos in meticulous order that he might strike a balance for himself. He perceived it had availed nothing to be right; right or not, everybody had gone wrong. Adsit Abbott, the plunger, now somehow managing to vegetate in Paris; Larry Raglan, cautious bond hound; the widow and her mite, trailing along with the great bankers whose names had once been breathed in awe—all were in the same boat, fleeing from the same wreck toward an unseen shore.

All? No, not all. To his certain knowledge two had escaped—Eleanor and Dora. He thought of them, and the more he thought, the deeper the flow of color that rose from his neck to stain his lean cheeks. What mental torment those monthly payments had entailed—were still entailing! Without that steady drain he might have pulled through. Fixed charges—the *bête noire* of the once-rich—slapped his face from right and left, but these two items among them were about to swing the blow of blows to the point of his jaw. He heard a voice behind him, became aware that it had spoken more than once.

"Here's the summary for today, Mr. Raglan."

"All right," he said over his shoulder, "lay it on my desk."

IT WAS a dismissal, but Regis held her ground. Sensing she had not moved, he turned, stared at her for a moment, then went to his desk and sat down, his eyes still upon her. He suspected her of being the bearer of bad tidings, but, even thus weighted, the sight of her gave him a feeling of alleviation. Her thoroughness had been a source of comfort from the first day of their association, but during the prolonged agony of the weeks and months of his receding fortunes she had come to stand for something more than an expert helper. Now it was her presence rather than her labors that lent strength to his flagging spirit. Merely to have her around—the bare knowledge that she was within call—had come to seem a bulwark against the advancing forces of defeat.

"Well?" he asked finally.

"This," said Regis, laying a small leather-covered notebook on his desk.

"What is it?" he asked, picking up the book and idly thumbing its dog-eared pages. His eyes clicked to a stop and then rose to hers again. "But you don't have to tell me; I can see for myself. These are your private notes, Miss Mulholland?"

"Yes," said Regis. She paused. "I—I wanted to be ready to show off."

"I get you. Why did you bring it to me now?"

"I thought you might read it. If there's anything that interests you, of course I'd type it out."

"Thank you," said Raglan very quietly, his voice robbed of any betraying intonation. Inwardly he laughed at the idea that anybody should still think he was in a position to take advantage of a lead, however promising. "May I keep the book for a while?"

"Yes," she said, turning, "I give it to you."

"Don't go."

She faced about and stood waiting, but if he had any order for her, he forgot it. His eyes, resting upon her, brought him the sensation of gratitude a drowning man feels toward a floating spar. It was more than that, for he was uplifted, held free of the clinging waters, free of distress, free even of the travail of the world about him. There was nothing personal in it—just the opposite. He looked at her as one sitting within thick walls, silent and secure, looks at a picture and, pursuing

the intent of the painter, crosses a threshold into an untroubled realm.

Unconsciously she lent her aid to the illusion. Her pulse did not quicken, nor her cheeks flush, nor did her eyes fall. She was serene with the serenity of those qualities which remain forever ageless—sincerity, courage and the enduring youth of an honest heart. A picture on the wall, a man in his chair. Together, apart, severed and yet joined—for the eyes can be a bar, even a highway along which the feet of a pilgrim may travel endlessly toward a constant horizon.

IN a manner of speaking Regis shared that highway, though along the line of her own thoughts. No longer could she dismiss Raglan as having proved himself too weak for notice. But, fortunately, no longer did she wish to. It was as though, separately, they two had crossed a river into a strange land. Here was a new beginning, a silent journey with somebody she did not know and who did not know her. She had judged the old Raglan mercilessly to a definite end—her own salvation. But with the new Raglan she felt no need for either defense or accusation. He

was going on within himself. He could feel his blood, long stagnant, beginning to course through unused veins. His ears and finger tips tingled. His heart began to pound. Breath rushed into his lungs with the life-giving surge of the monsoon piling into slack sails. Whither was he being borne? Could a man, having leaped the barrier into nowhere, be dragged from the safe haven of a hard-earned immunity against his will?

It seemed he could. Beholding Regis while remembering Eleanor, and then Dora, Raglan despised himself. He saw his faults and his one great sin. Stern in business, he had been a yes-man in all else, but his individual, unforgivable sin was that he could twice have picked out a wife as one chooses a rug or a chair to match the rest of the furnishings of a home. What would he not have given to turn back the inexorable clock of time that he might have arrived sane, whole and untainted at this moment of revelation! He was in love. The steady influence of Regis' presence—that boon so casually accepted—had seeped, unperceived, to the very foundations of his being. Now, when it was too late to turn, he foresaw his end. He was in love, not as one who

chalice at a gulp. Slowly he came to his senses, awakened by the drug alone. He perceived the emptiness of the temple. He could desecrate its altar; he could not reach the spirit he would worship, for it had flown. He sank slowly, his arms relaxed, and pressed his face hard against her knees.

Her hand, laid on his head, pushed him away easily. "I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I don't understand why this has happened—I'll never understand." He found himself seated once more in his chair, listening to her inexorable voice. "Please don't tell me any of the usual things. That you don't know yourself. That you couldn't help it. That something came over you—something you could neither stop in time nor resist. I'm ashamed of myself. With no reason—without seeing where or how I've been to blame—I'm ashamed of myself even more than I am of you. I suppose it's the shame of being soiled."

Then he heard his own voice. "You're not soiled. No man can soil you. You weren't even there while I kissed you." "Let's not talk about it," she said in the same even tone. Her eyes avoided looking at him, not through fear of any influence he might have over her, but because he had become something she did not wish to see. "I'm going now, and I won't be coming back."

He waved one hand as if brushing her words aside. "Aren't you the least bit curious?"

"No; I'm not curious. I'm not angry. I don't feel anything."

"I love you," said Raglan.

At that she gave him her eyes, momentarily ablaze with protest; then the flame died. "I never knew those words could have a horrible sound," she said. "Perhaps it's because you're unconscious of the lie in them, perhaps because they're hollow, an empty echo of the times you've said them before."

RAGLAN smiled, not at her but to himself, at some vision her words aroused. "Don't think I don't know I'm under the lash," he stated, "but there's a condition of the mind that can take the whip and like it. I never loved Eleanor; as for Dora—" His hand dismissed Dora with a gesture more eloquent than words. "I've loved beauty, I've loved and still love a few illusions, but I know today that I've never loved any human being before. I love you with no credit to myself, and no blame. It's a condition nothing you say or do can change."

Emotion began to stir in Regis against her will, by no means in favor of Raglan but in heart-rending protest for a vanished dream. Her eyes had a lost look in them as they wandered over his figure, searching for what they never again would see. Yet the shell was there, unchanged; long-limbed brawn, tawny mane, gaunt face and gray eyes—all within a nimbus, a fragrant exhalation, of smoldering peat.

"There's a sort of obligation in telling anybody you love her," she said slowly, "an obligation to which you seem to be blind. To ask when you have nothing left to give is small and mean."

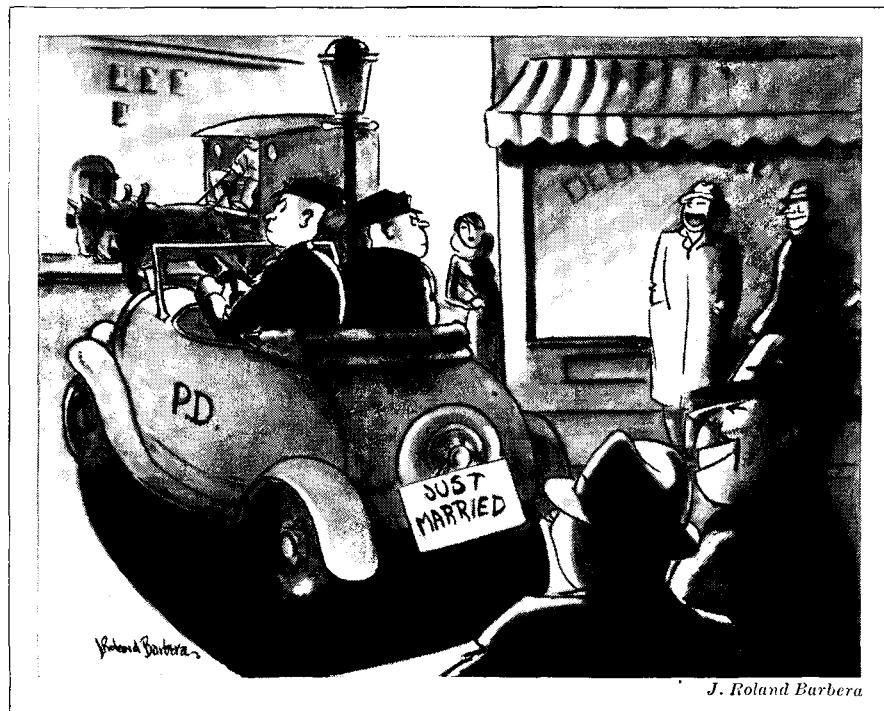
The instant the words were out she caught her tongue, but it was too late. The color mounted in Raglan's face so violently that it seemed to flood his eyes, giving them a false brilliance.

"That was coming to me," he said quickly to cover her confusion, "and I can take it."

"Oh, not that!" she cried, distressed, "not money." Her lip curled weakly, for she was beginning to tire. "But what does it matter? Nothing matters. You won't see me again."

Without moving he watched her go, his hands clasped tightly, his elbows planted on the arms of his chair.

(To be continued next week)



was merely a phenomenon—some form of life that could shed its limbs without bleeding and proceed to rear an unscarred, stalwart stem amid a forest of lesser saplings. Heretofore she had divided him childishly into two persons, one weak and one strong, but now she was forced to revise that simple solution. He was enigma—the unknown.

Just as her mind traveled independently of his, so did his of hers. Gradually a sort of impatience came to life within his immobility—an impatience whose source remained a tantalizing mystery to himself, demanding solution. Strangely enough, Regis, standing as still as though carved from alabaster, seemed above and apart from his bewilderment. His brain, stirred to activity, put forth tentacles. Two of its reaching arms spiraled into the void, disappearing only to return, burdened. Each carried a figurine, one dark, one blond. Set up on either side of Regis, the blonde became Eleanor, the black-haired midget, Dora. Something inside him gasped. Here was revelation. Outwardly he remained motionless, but all the inner fibers of his being quivered to a premonition of storm.

What had happened? He dared not guess; or if he guessed, dared not name the commotion. For a desperate moment he strove to blot Regis from his vision by fastening his mind on what

buys a two-way ticket, but with the finality of the voyager who embarks never to return.

The knowledge enraged him, for his thinking mind warned him his case was hopeless. Did he not look forward toward nothing, at his back the emptied reservoir of a wasted life? But for once his reasoning mechanism fell short of weighing every element. It forgot that apart from his brain there remained the undiluted and unthinking strain of the Old Adam, as capable of tossing reason out of its way as is a torrent of crushing the obstruction of a reed.

LIKE most lean men who appear lackadaisical he could be swift in his movements with a swiftness so smooth as to seem slow. Before Regis realized he had begun to move, his arms were around her, bending her to his will. She knew an instant of terror, no more. Fright changed in a flash to astonishment, then to gulping rage, then out of anger into an unfeeling quiescence, a sort of limbo of apathetic resignation.

But Raglan's mind was not occupied with her reaction—it was not occupied at all. Hunger held him in its grip. Unmindful of her impassivity, he kissed her lips, her eyes and her throat with the avidity of the starving, drank her as one dying of thirst might welcome even hemlock and drain the deadly

"Her headaches and tired feeling disappeared—"



**DR. TAILLANDIER
of the Salpêtrière
Hospital, in Paris,
reports this case**

• Dr. Olivier Taillandier, the famous French consultant on digestive disorders, says:—"When intestines grow tired, poisons seep into the blood. Unwholesome breath and a coated tongue follow... the effects are also often noticed in headaches, loss of energy... Yeast has an astonishing effect on constipation... Improved general health results."



DR. TAILLANDIER REPORTS: "This patient complained of frequent headaches, tiredness. The whites of her eyes were yellow, her tongue coated..."



"MANUAL EXAMINATION and X-rays showed what caused her trouble... constipation. She confessed she had been using cathartics..."



"I PRESCRIBED YEAST. It restored her elimination to normal, purified her system. Her headaches and tired feeling soon disappeared."

Did you know that headaches—like indigestion, bad skin, a coated tongue, that "tired feeling"—may mean nothing more or less than an unclean condition of your *intestines*?

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Eaten regularly—3 cakes a day—Fleischmann's Yeast "tones" and gently stimulates your intestines. It also softens the



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Then, as your bowels start to function normally again, you feel so much better. Digestion improves. You have more energy. You *look* better, too, the minute the clean condition of your intestines begins to reflect in your skin.

Isn't it well worth the slight effort? Then try it! You can get Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains and each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G, D. Directions are on the label. Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

Ziegfeld and his Follies

Continued from page 19

rest of the show played steadily for seventy weeks in New York and on the road exactly as it did when it opened. Still, in spite of the spontaneous success of the production, Flo was not satisfied with the scenery and costumes of the first-act finale and replaced them at a cost of at least \$20,000—this, mind you, in a show already heartily approved by the public.

Zieggy was a strange mixture of conflicting moods and impulses. Sometimes he seemed almost indolent and then he would suddenly flare into boundless energy. No man could ever call his bluff. When Kid Boots ran at the Earl Carroll Theater, Flo wanted better terms and threatened to take out the show unless he got them. The combination of the theater and the show was such an assured success that Carroll didn't think Zieggy would go through with it, but one morning Carroll was amazed to find his theater empty. Ziegfeld had moved Kid Boots to the Selwyn Theater, where we finished our run.

But ordinarily Flo was extremely lazy. If he were told he could discover a new comedian who was playing in a theater ten minutes from his office, he wouldn't go to see him. It usually took several years before that comedian became famous enough to play nearer to Ziegfeld's office and the difference in the salary Flo would have to pay him might be anywhere from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a week, but Flo didn't mind.

Making Whoopee

Flo rarely laughed. His early associates, like Diamond Jim Brady, Frank McKee and Jerry Siegel, called him "Gloomy Gus." His entire staff of comics—and he employed the greatest in the world—couldn't make him laugh. And I didn't blame him. He had only to think of the huge salaries he was paying them to bring tears to his eyes.

Ziegfeld was no optimist. Show business had taught him that a production might be sure-fire at rehearsals and still look like amateur night when it opened. For that reason, as a show he was producing became more and more promising, he grew more pessimistic. When three of his most tremendous hits were in the making, he telegraphed McGuire saying: "Why did I ever undertake so many shows? I am in the worst predicament of my life. I've got three flops on my hands." He was referring to Show Boat, Rosalie and The Three Musketeers. McGuire was deeply moved by Zieggy's complaint and replied: "Please accept my condolences in this, your darkest hour of success."

After Kid Boots, I appeared in the Follies of 1927. My pleurisy forced me to quit the show in Boston and I went to California for a rest. When I returned in good shape, Zieggy looked me over like an insurance doctor and said, "Well, we've got to start getting a show ready for you." All this meant was that Flo had the desire to produce and would gradually work up a momentum to get into action. With him, stalling was lifted to the dignity of an art. If he said, "See me Thursday," you couldn't tell if it was this month or next year.

For several seasons I had nursed a desire to play the character of The Nervous Wreck. I felt qualified for the part in every way and had been rehearsing in doctors' offices and sanitariums for over a year. But as soon as I suggested the idea to Flo, it was a signal for him to abandon the project. He

definitely objected to my playing what he considered a too-legitimate character.

Weeks creaked by and nothing happened. Zieggy seemed glad that he had disposed of The Nervous Wreck so completely and lapsed into pleasant dreams, probably thinking something would develop if we didn't interfere.

With steady prodding, I finally stirred Flo to action. He bought The Nervous Wreck, which later became Whoopee and paid out more royalties than any other three shows combined. It seemed that everybody in New York got a weekly royalty check except the doorman at the Astor Hotel. There were Owen Davis, Sam Harris, Lewis and Gordon, William Anthony McGuire, Gus Kahn, Walter Donaldson and Seymour Felix. This personnel included authors, song writers, dance directors, and the original owners of the play. But Flo was true to his tradition. If the play was a hit he was lavish with all those who had helped to make it a success.

Bill McGuire was to adapt The Nervous Wreck as a musical. He promised that in two or three weeks he'd have ready a rough draft of Act One. Ten weeks passed. No rough draft, and no McGuire. I became uneasy and went to Zieggy. Zieggy seemed surprised at my complaints and remarked coolly, "I thought the play was all finished by this time."

Bill McGuire, who is one of our most prolific and able musical comedy writers, is generally too busy to finish any one job. On the first day of rehearsal he brought in the first scene of Whoopee and we rehearsed that until we knew not only the words of the scene, but also what all the members of the cast were wearing, their weights, their ages, and all the vicissitudes of fortune through which they finally landed on Broadway and came to be in Whoopee. Again I appealed to Zieggy and said, "Flo, we must get at least four more lines out of McGuire or the opening night of this show will take place in Matteawan."

Breathless and Speechless

The next day Zieggy left for his camp in Canada to rest up from the long ordeal of waiting. Shortly afterward he wired to McGuire: "Get Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn and come up here right away. Have cabin for you, boats, horses, shooting, fishing and so forth. My cabin is right next door."

McGuire promptly wired back, "Too close!"

Finally Bill came in with the second scene, which was excellent, but the suspense of waiting nearly killed us. For the next three weeks, McGuire directed the book by day and wrote additional scenes by night, but he couldn't catch up, and two hours before the curtain rose on Whoopee in Pittsburgh, we still did not have a finale. McGuire alibied by saying: "You can't write a final scene for Cantor anyway. You know, Flo, he'll ad lib all over the place."

The day before dress rehearsal was one of confusion and mad excitement. While McGuire was trying to finish up the show I had to walk around Pittsburgh with two of the featured players in the cast to pacify them about their billing. I did so much arguing in the damp, foggy air that I lost my voice and at dress rehearsal was unable to speak a word.

The theater was sold out for the next night, but it seemed I wouldn't be able

to talk. That night Zieggy dropped everything, got into his car and roused the leading throat specialist of Pittsburgh, who himself was just recovering from an automobile accident. Flo helped the doctor dress, assisted him to his car, and brought him to my hotel at two in the morning. The specialist worked over me for several hours, returned the next day, and fixed up my voice in time for opening night.

In spite of the confusion, Whoopee was a smash from the start, but was dreadfully long. The next day, when we began to make cuts, no one in the cast would relinquish a line from his part. Zieggy was so easy-going that all an actor had to do was to weep on his shoulder, and he would say: "I think you're right. Keep the line in." We played Whoopee, as originally produced, for two weeks, until in sheer desperation we cut forty-five minutes out of the show.

It was in Whoopee that Flo probably produced his most magnificent scene, the Indian reservation, with dazzling beauties who wore very little besides long feather head-dresses and came down the mountainside riding white horses.

In the musical department, Zieggy's judgment was less perfect. Flo never had an unfailing ear for music and, strange as it may seem, our leading popular composers seldom wrote hits for him that he recognized or accepted. This was probably due to his method in dealing with them. Flo would always have in mind some hit tune of the moment that he kept mentioning to prod his composers to action. But this always had the reverse effect. For instance, he kept urging George Gershwin to give him another Three O'Clock in the Morning, with the result that in the two shows Gershwin wrote for him he didn't emerge with one really popular tune. On the other hand, if song writers did bring him a hit, Zieggy couldn't always recognize it.

One Show—Five Song Hits

In Simple Simon, Rodgers and Hart wrote a song called Dancing on the Ceiling, which Flo discarded on the road. Later that same song was released as a popular number and became a hit.

In Whoopee we had the great comedy tune, Makin' Whoopee, the torch song, Love Me or Leave Me, and a splendid collection of engaging numbers. Still, Flo was worried about the score and called other composers to Pittsburgh to try to interpolate songs. All of them, however, agreed that the original numbers could scarcely be improved.

In fact, Zieggy's judgment on songs was so negative that the show in which he had least to do with the score turned out the richest number of song hits. Jerome Kern brooked no interference

with the melodies in Show Boat and at last Zieggy got five terrific song hits to his credit in a single production—Ol' Man River, Bill, Why Do I Love You?, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man and Only Make Believe.

But Zieggy never stopped in his efforts to improve a show once it held the promise of becoming a hit. I had introduced a newcomer to Whoopee to play the leading romantic rôle. I had discovered him at an entertainment given one night in the Lakeville Golf Club. He had a powerful, melodious voice and a fine personality, but he lacked stage experience, and while Zieggy used him for several weeks, he decided to get a prominent name for the New York opening.

A Squeeze of the Hand

The new boy I had brought him might have served just as well, but Zieggy never stinted expense. He paid \$25,000 to Hammerstein for the release of Paul Gregory. After the deal was closed, Flo discovered that Gregory had just had his tonsils removed and would not be able to play the part. However, Zieggy was a sport, went through with his end of the agreement and planned to stay out longer with the show to wait for Gregory.

Fortunately, Paul recovered from his operation sooner than expected and gave a splendid performance in the part. And it was Whoopee that brought forth Ruth Etting as the première blues singer of the country.

When Whoopee was being prepared for the screen, Zieggy came to Hollywood. He sat on the set during most of the important scenes, and as long as he was there I felt secure. There is no doubt that much of the beauty and glamour that entered the Goldwyn production was inspired by Flo. He also protected the comedy scenes from rash cuts and assisted in every way to make the picture a success.

When we went down to preview Whoopee at San Diego, walking toward the theater, I had Goldwyn on one side of me and Ziegfeld on the other side. I sat Zieggy next to me while the picture was being shown. I told him, "Flo, if I squeeze your hand, start getting a new Follies ready."

The audience was wild with enthusiasm. The picture proved to be the greatest musical comedy success of the screen, and right then at the preview Zieggy knew that I was lost to him. He turned to me and said, "You're swell on the screen, Eddie. It's too bad." Strangely enough, it was Zieggy himself who closed the contract for me with Goldwyn so that I could never work for Flo again.

The fifth of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

Smoke 'til the last chip's cashed

...and still keep
a fresh, cool mouth



If a good hot game makes you smoke like a chimney... what you need is a good cool smoke!

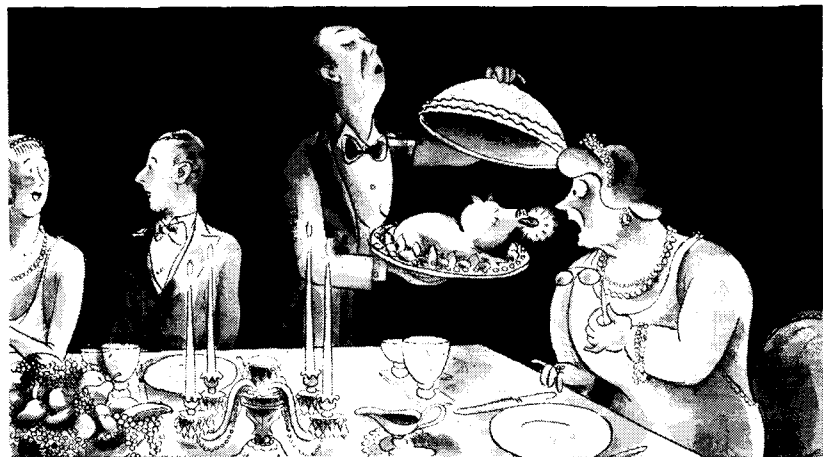
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SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
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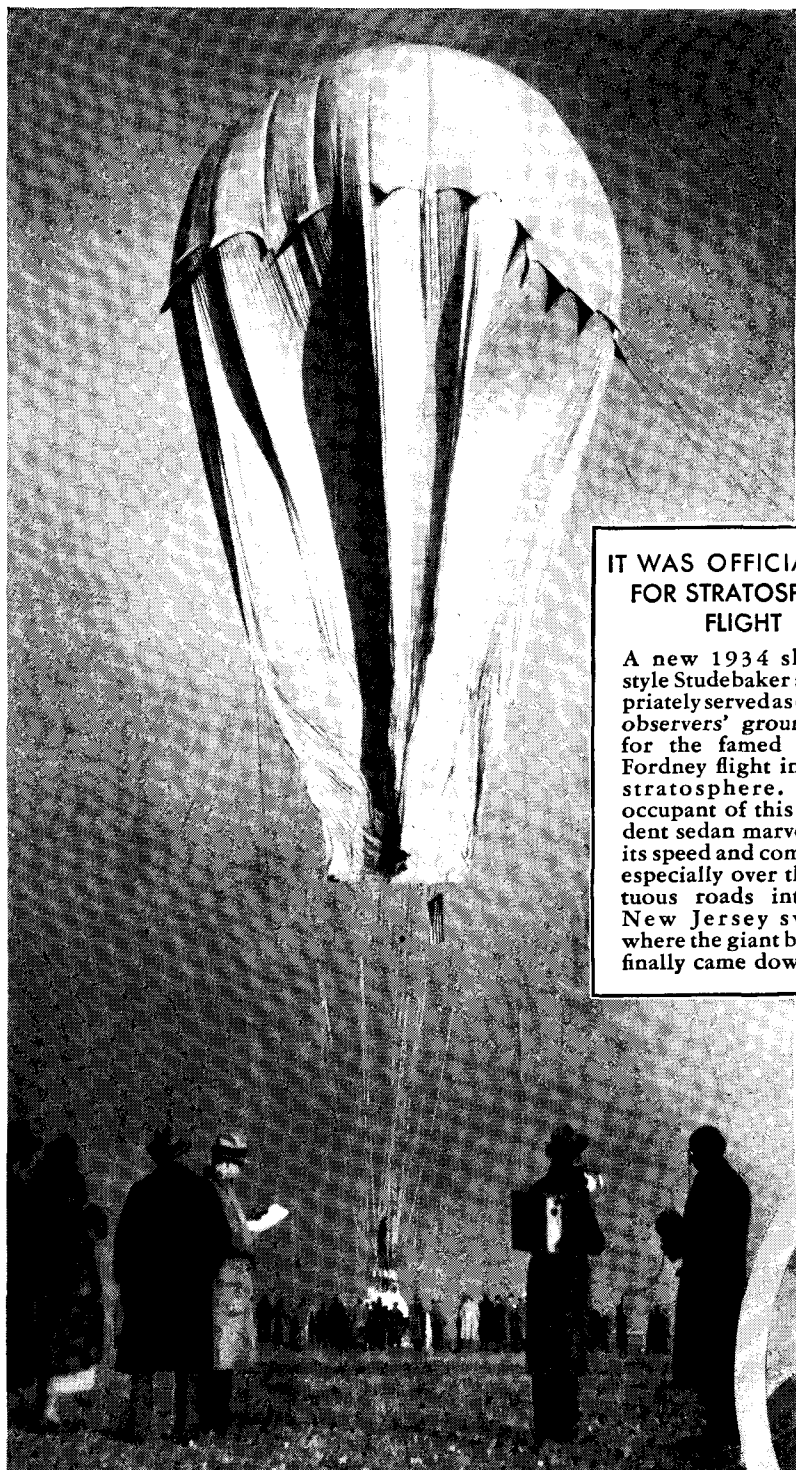
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"The cook just resigned, madam!"

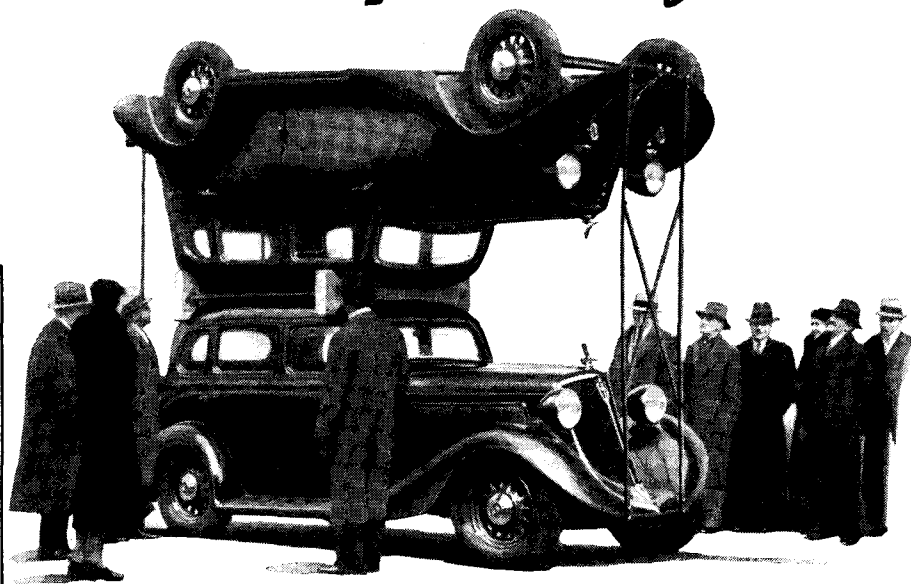
Adolph Schus



IT WAS OFFICIAL CAR FOR STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT

A new 1934 skyway style Studebaker appropriately served as official observers' ground car for the famed Settle-Fordney flight into the stratosphere. Every occupant of this President sedan marveled at its speed and comfort—especially over the tortuous roads into the New Jersey swamp where the giant balloon finally came down.

They've "got



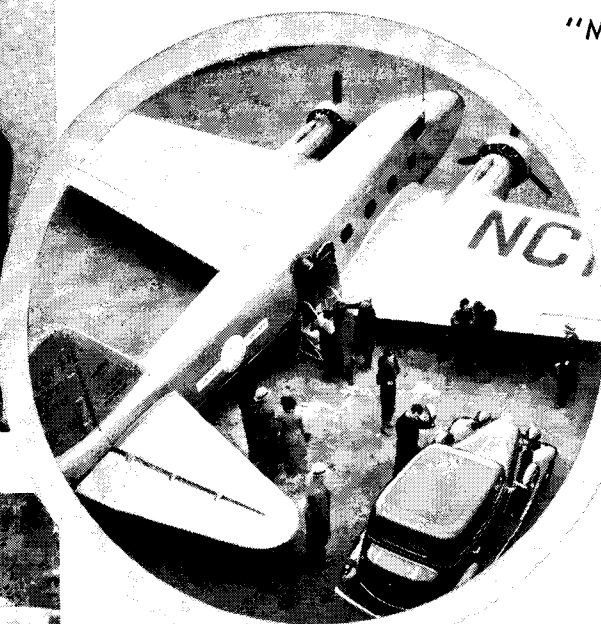
EASILY CARRIES ANOTHER STUDEBAKER ON TOP

Tremendous strength in body and frame distinguishes all models of the new skyway-style Studebaker. In the above picture, a Dictator sedan is being driven, carrying a companion Dictator of equal weight. You want rigidity like this in your next car.

"MARVELOUSLY STREAMLINED"

says aerodynamic expert

Col. E. J. W. Ragsdale, designer of the new Budd aerodynamic railway coaches, has this to say of Studebaker design: "In streamlining an automobile the ground effect is a large factor. It is absent in aircraft. Studebaker engineers have shown a real appreciation of this condition and in reconciling wind tunnel results with actual road performance, they have contributed greatly to speed, safety, riding comfort and low operating cost."



SLIPS THROUGH "ROUGH" AIR LIKE TRANSPORT PLANE

High-speed transport planes have much the same skyway style as the new Studebakers. Both overcome air resistance with body lines that literally pierce cross currents, gusts and head-winds. One of the latest model 'cross-continent passenger planes is pictured.



BATTLESHIP CONSTRUCTION WINS IN 104-FT. DROP

● Toppled off a 104-foot cliff into a rock quarry, the seamless-steel, battleship construction of this skyway-style Studebaker stood up magnificently. Curiously, not even its safety glass broke. Doors opened and closed perfectly. About the only noticeable damage—crumpled fenders and loosened hood. Car started instantly at switch of key when righted—was driven off under own power. Test was repeated for good measure!

Startling NEW

what it takes" to captivate 1934 America!

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PERFORM STARTLING FEATS
TO PROVE IT

YOU'LL wonder how Studebaker can do it at the prices, when you drive one of these startling cars of speedway stamina and skyway style the first time. Everywhere you look, you see evidences that these are the finest automobiles that ever bore the Studebaker name.

Priced hundreds of dollars less than their brilliant predecessors, these 1934 Studebakers are direct descendants of those marvelous Studebaker-built creations whose speed and stand-up durability were the sensation of the last two 500-mile races on the Indianapolis Speedway.

Luxury at Low Cost!

Upholstery and fittings are ultra-luxurious—the quality you expect in very costly cars. And a further marvel of these skyway-style Studebakers is their sensational operating economy—averages from 18 to 21 miles per gallon are daily reported by thrilled owners.

Why not go now to a Studebaker showroom and arrange for a trial drive? You'll find you have little to do but steer—one uncanny "mechanical brain" after another enables these skyway style Studebakers almost to "drive themselves."

Experience the comfort of Studebaker's quadripoise suspension in one five-mile ride—the thrill of Studebaker power and flexibility—and you'll make sure to get Studebaker prestige and performance in your next car.

Base prices at factory. Bumpers, taxes, special equipment extra

\$665

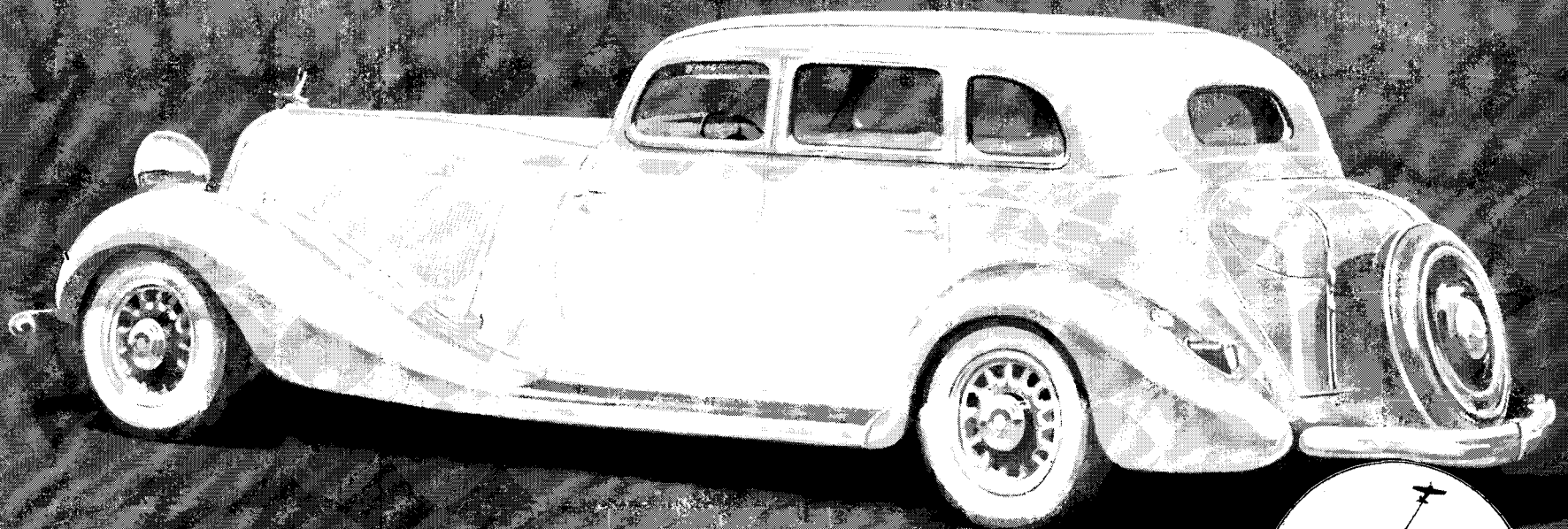
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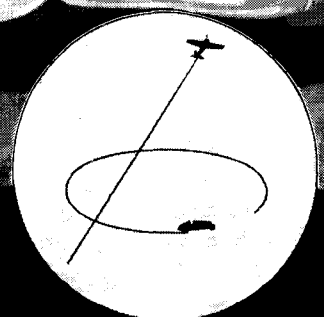


QUADRIPOISE SUSPENSION—THE MILLION-DOLLAR COMFORT RIDE

Studebaker has invested over a million dollars in developing quadripoise suspension which keeps all four extremities of the chassis in scientific balance regardless of roads. Pitch and sway are so effectively overcome that Studebaker rear seats ride like the front seats in most cars. The New Studebakers are wider (74 inches) than high (69 inches)—with more than half of weight within 27 inches of ground—they can safely tilt to a 58 degree angle.



FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA
FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE



STUDEBAKERS OF 1934

The First Commandment

Continued from page 11

had set us down, unwrecked; but it would take more than Bill Carmain or any miracle of flying to lift us out of that hemmed field again. Within hand's touch the terrible wall soared toward the tops of Atl's cliffs, and, round about, the towers of Atl filled the air with fairy barriers—with spires of enchantment, huge and delicate. These were the campaniles of Atl. In them the great bells hung whose golden, mystic music swept from the sounding board of Atl's cliffs, and hushed the jungle far beyond the fens of feathered death. They were the glory of Atlan architecture, the consummation of the architecture of the world—the wedding of titanic mass with exquisite graciousness. The houses of the city all were low, thick-walled, straight-lined and very simply lovely.

Ricalde read our thoughts.

"Well," said Ricalde, "who would want to leave the Vale of Atl?"

We passed through blazing, stone-paved streets to the luxurious baths; then to a gorgeous banquet hall; then to their Temple of the Sun. That night was Mardi Grass—the end of the festival in honor of the Company of Forty, who were the young men dedicated to the Sun. We went in to see them.

A feast of feasts was spread for them that night, ending a month of revelry with a magnificent, barbaric bacchanal. And, so that their fiery hearts and beautiful, strong bodies might not die when they died, the forty loveliest girls of Atl—save one, the very loveliest, named the Daughter of the Sun—had reveled with them. Then, next day, came a year of utmost rigor. The Temple of the Sun changed to a monastery, an ascetic training camp.

EACH day those forty leaped and ran, lifted and threw, wrestled and swam, and practiced with the favorite weapons of their race—great two-curved bows, dreadful and beautiful; hard-hitting, heavy javelins, thrown with the wicked power of ancient throwing sticks; and above all, the age-old Atlantean missile, the *ayllu*.

They trained a year, these forty, Atl's best; and then the combats came. And one by one the losers of them walked to the altar of the Sun, and to the priests' three-edged knives, straight-backed, strong-kneed, and proud. Two hundred centuries, running back through old Atlantis, had not seen a craven—a record in manhood that made the heathen rites that took these lives seem worth the cost to the Atlan people.

The fortieth of The Forty, then, was Atl's finest male; and his was the most glorious of all Atlan women, chosen Daughter of the Sun. From these celestial matings came the rulers of the race; the Council of Sun Priests, who from their number, every seventh year, elected one to bear the ancient Atlan scepter. But while we tarried in that enchanted valley it was the forty-second man who won the woman of all women.

Chains could not have kept Scaithe and Carmain out of the battles for the dazzling creature who was the prize that year. For the wise old priests of Atl took one good look at Deirdre Ricalde, and forthwith disregarded all other candidates for the next Daughter of the Sun; set aside all their own beautiful bronze women, with their long, mystic Coptic faces, and chose, instead of one of these, a fair girl, tall and azure-eyed, with tumbled hair the color of the Sun god's hair.

The morning after we came down in Atl, Bill Carmain secured an audience with this new Daughter of the Sun.

"Salaams, kotows, obeisances," said Bill, with more or less appropriate gestures, "and other forms of homage to the elect of heaven."

The Daughter of the Sun in Atl

grinned a first-class United States of America grin.

"Of all persons! Bill Carmain!" she said. "What a small world, after all! Imagine seeing you down here in Atl! Whatever are you doing in these parts?"

"Asking fresh questions," Bill replied. "Such as this: Which one of those forty grand big Atlan fighting men are you in love with?"

A puzzled smile played over Deirdre Ricalde's luscious mouth. "What makes you ask that, Bill?"

Bill said, "I plan on taking a nose dive into this coming dog fight; and I wouldn't want to knock down any lad whom you had fallen for."

"You mean you're going in the combats?" asked the girl.

"Why not?" Bill wanted to know. "I might win something very pretty."

"But you would lose deliberately to a man I loved?"

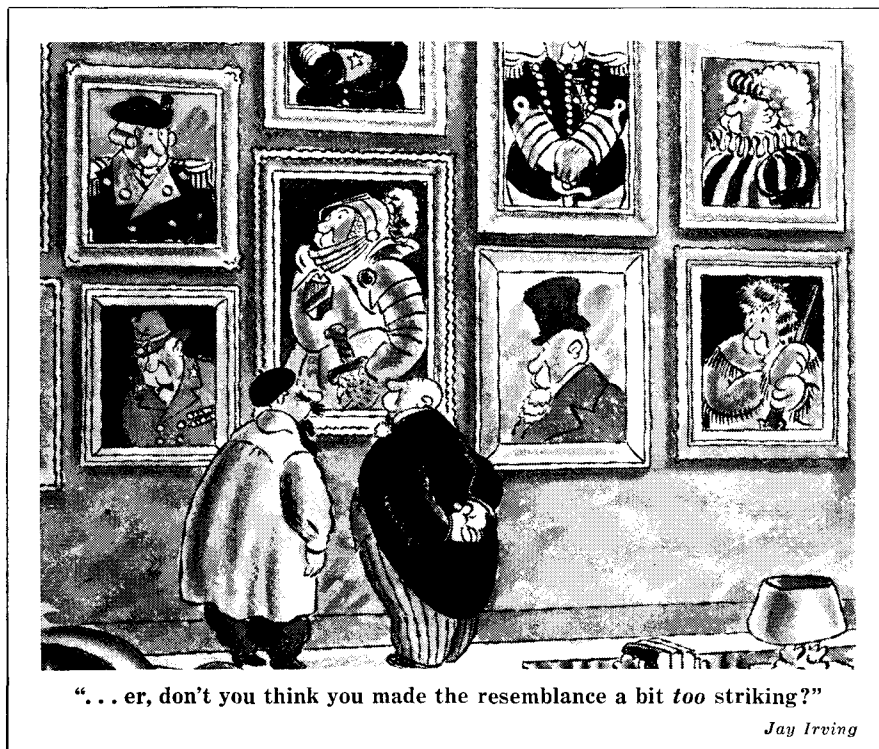
"Sure thing," growled Bill. "I'd only have to do it once!"

The Atlans would not desecrate a foot of soil by any use but tillage. That is religion; old as the crowded continent of Atlantis."

It was maddening. A perfectly good ship and not a chance to get her in the air. But there were two whom this pass did not bother in the least. They had no least desire to leave the Vale of Atl. Here was their chance to show, in utterly satisfactory, primal fashion, which was the better man.

THEY won through. Scaithe was too big. Scaithe was too strong, too fast, too deft, too keen. Carmain? Carmain was just too durable, too unwearoutable. And so, at last, they stood against each other.

Deirdre Ricalde sat alone beneath her canopy on the day they fought for her—alone except for me. I stood behind her, winding in a record of this ancient thing. Hers was the perfect place of view, and so it was the camera's. Ri-



"... er, don't you think you made the resemblance a bit too striking?"

Jay Irving

Deirdre Ricalde's smile was very tender.

"You're one grand person, Bill Carmain," she said. "But I am not in love with any Atlan man."

"In that case," Bill assumed, "it will be O. K. with you if I burn 'em down, regardless."

"Regardless."

"Scaithe, too?"

"Scaithe!"

Deirdre Ricalde drew her lovely shoulders together in a shudder. "That animal!" she said.

AND so, that year, The Forty became The Forty-two. I couldn't keep from hoping that four good men would somehow think themselves and that girl out of the Vale of Atl before those bloody fights got under way. I asked Ricalde what he thought the chances were of getting the Savillia out of the Combat Field, piece by piece if need be, and of setting it up somewhere in the valley where it could get a run. But Ricalde said:

"You've seen. Every square inch outside the city is under the intensest cultivation. And every field is sacred to the god of such food as it yields. The very life of Atl depends upon the favor of these lesser deities who serve the Sun.

Ricalde had arranged it. Ricalde's place was very high in Atl. He sat among their learned. His sister was the Daughter of the Sun. And she was beautiful enough, that day, to stand, as she did, in the starring rôle, before a back drop of millenniums.

Well, there they were, now, face to face at last! Scaithe and Carmain, who hated each other for the age-old reason. There they were, as they wished, reduced to lowest terms, down to the primitive, eager to fight it out, armed with an age-old savage weapon, the *ayllu*.

The *ayllu* is a very ancient missile. It is, in fact, two missiles, heavy and fiercely whirling, a cord between them sweeping a ten-foot snare which hopelessly entangles what it hits. The Mayans knew it, and the Incas; and it exists in South America today, modified to the *bolos* of the Gaucho, the cowboy of the Argentine. The Europeans never worked it out. Strange, for they had the sling, and knew the power of centrifugal force.

Well, now they faced each other, these two twentieth-century men, armed with a cruel weapon ten times twenty centuries old.

They fought it out on a long, narrow platform raised above the combat field. At opposite ends of the narrow stage

stood two tall target poles. In its center was a neutral space where neither man might trespass. The stage was scarcely fifteen feet across. The sweep of a battle *ayllu* is a good ten feet. Precarious space was left to dodge a perfect cast. And a man dared not lose his balance; dared not fall from the narrow battle stage. For below the stage there was a pit—a pit which gave forth a faint and obscene silky rustling, as of moving feathers.

Each man had a release knife. How often Scaithe and Carmain cut themselves free of one deadly *ayllu* cord before another struck, I'll never tell you.

A dozen times each man was jerked so close to the narrow platform's edge by the power of the thing that hit him, that it seemed the fight was over then and there.

Once a cord found Carmain's throat, and his face was purple before he got it loosed. Meanwhile another had his legs, binding them tighter than two strong men could have done it. But he managed to cut free, and not go down. When a man went down, then death was very close; for then a heavy bow which hung against the target pillar might be used against him.

One vicious cast did tear Carmain's feet from under him; but he released his legs, and was erect by the time Scaithe had his bow, and an arrow nocked, and the feather at his cheek. Then Scaithe might not let fly.

But Scaithe had the advantage all the way. Scaithe was just too good for Bill Carmain. It lasted for two hours, the grimmest, most hair-raising pair of hours I have ever seen.

THE deadliest places on the battle platform were the target posts. These were the arsenals of the fight. Here the weapons hung. Here, when an *ayllu* left his hand, a man must go to get another. Here, for a moment, close to the pillar, reaching high to pull a weapon from its sheath, a man was in extremest jeopardy. During these hazardous half-seconds the most minute mistake in timing or judgment spelled, very simply, death. And finally that fatal fraction of a second error came to Bill Carmain. A half-stride from the target pillar he was caught.

The whizzing *ayllu* hit him, flung him violently back against the post, and bound him to it. His head struck heavily against the pillar. For an instant he was stunned. He shook the cobwebs from his brain—and looked into the eye of death! His knife had fallen from his hand. He bent and tried to reach it. Reached it! And as he straightened another *ayllu* lashed his knife arm fast against his side!

At once, with a swift deliberation, Scaithe exhausted his arsenal. One after one the merciless weapons failed Carmain, and wound him round and round, from foot to head, as though some great malignant slug had spun about him a cocoon.

Scaithe walked then to where Carmain stood trussed.

"It's like I told you long ago," said Scaithe. "You pay to talk like you once talked to me."

He stooped and tried his strength upon the target pillar and its burden. It lifted in its socket. He was a man, all right.

He let the pillar jar back into place and straightened.

"You know I hate to do this, don't you?" he asked Bill Carmain. "But it's an ancient Atlan custom. All other losers walk to the altar of the Sun. But the Atlan god of Evil must not be neglected. So he gets the best of us, save one. That's you. Well, sorry, but I'll have to hurry. The sun is low. After it sets, if you'll remember, no religious

(Continued on page 38)

How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

*A true story of a man who found that self-confidence
is not a matter of education or luck*

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

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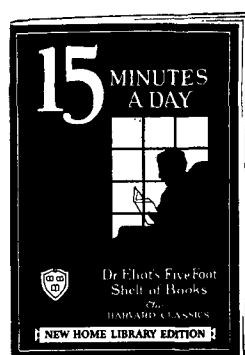
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Address



The First Commandment

Continued from page 36

rites. Day is the time for worship. Atlan nights are for love. Especially tonight. How would you like to go into the pit? Feet first? Head first? Head first it would be over quickly, maybe."

"One thing, Scaithe," said Bill Carmain, "if I'm afraid, you'll never know it."

Scaithe took a great breath for the lift. He bent again to make it. And then, as suddenly as though he had been shot, he crashed down on his head beside the target pole.

He had been shot. I shot him.

Shoutings of many people smothered the report. I scarcely heard the gun go off myself. But Deirdre Ricalde heard it.

"Thanks, Jake!" she said, not looking back at me. "Nice hunting!"

"Don't mention it," I said. "I'm glad you feel like me about that guy. He plays too rough."

I dropped the gun into the pillows where she lay.

JUST before midnight, that night, women came and took the Daughter of the Sun away from a magnificent pagan wedding feast. Soon the priests would come for Scaithe. He called me to him.

"Set up across the hall now, Mawl," he ordered. "Get a shot or two of me." He paused; then: "My skull is hard. Tough luck you only creased it. I'll have the insides out of you for that. But not tonight. Tonight I'm busy. Tomorrow, then. Tomorrow, curtains. You can count on it!"

And suddenly I knew it! Tomorrow, Scaithe had said. Tomorrow, curtains; and for me! I suddenly knew that Scaithe had no idea what the dawn held for him! And here I had been crediting him with high courage. Downing his food and wine with such a gusto there! His eyes, contemptuous of the dawn, drinking in unafraid the dazzling beauty of the girl across the table from him!

And the truth was he thought the winner of the Daughter of the Sun exempt. He didn't know!

I don't know why he didn't know, unless, perhaps, because he had no friend in Atl. Also no spies. Back in the U. S. A. his well-paid agents told him everything. Here no one told him anything. He had not made a friend. He had been arrogant, superior, insulting, as though he were not twenty thousand years away from where his dollars could befriend him.

Bill Carmain knew. Bill had been friend to every man with whom he later battled. They told Bill about that highest of all honors. But Scaithe—

I let him know, all right.

"Listen to Jacob, Chief," I told him. "Any small jobs of cutting insides out you got in mind, you'd better do before sunrise tomorrow."

I thought I saw doubt come to those cold eyes of his.

"The key that locks the bridal chamber door," I said, "must weigh ten pounds. It signifies the world shut out, the two of you alone and unmolestable in the sacred hour. But just the same it also locks you in!"

There was—I saw it—something different in Scaithe's eyes. He said, "Shut off that Atlan blather. Get over there and wind that crank. That's what I pay you U. S. money for!"

"O. K., Chief," I said. "But did you ever notice the peculiar knife the Sun priests have? The blade is short and wide, and has three cutting edges—count them, three—like three blades on one handle, with the backs of them joined. It spreads the ribs, and still won't twist too much. You mean to sit there, Chief, and tell me you don't know the final honor for the one who wins the Daughter of the Sun?"

And there it was, for sure—a slinking specter deep in Scaithe's steel-colored eyes. Fear! Scaithe was afraid! It wasn't nice to see.

He turned on Bill Carmain, who sat near in an honored place.

"You mutt!" he snarled, as a trapped animal snarls. "You knew, you yellow mutt; and let me win! And had Mawl shoot me down before I had a chance to feed you to that pit!"

Bill laughed at him.

"Shooting you was a grand idea, Scaithe," Bill said. "But don't give me the credit for it. Jake did—with no hints from me. Besides, what's eating you? Sunset saved me today, and let me grace your wedding feast tonight. So far as I know, though, I get mine tomorrow. But you won't be there to help, or even to see the fun. At dawn, you know—"

I hope I never see a strong man crack again. Scaithe's hard mouth was work-

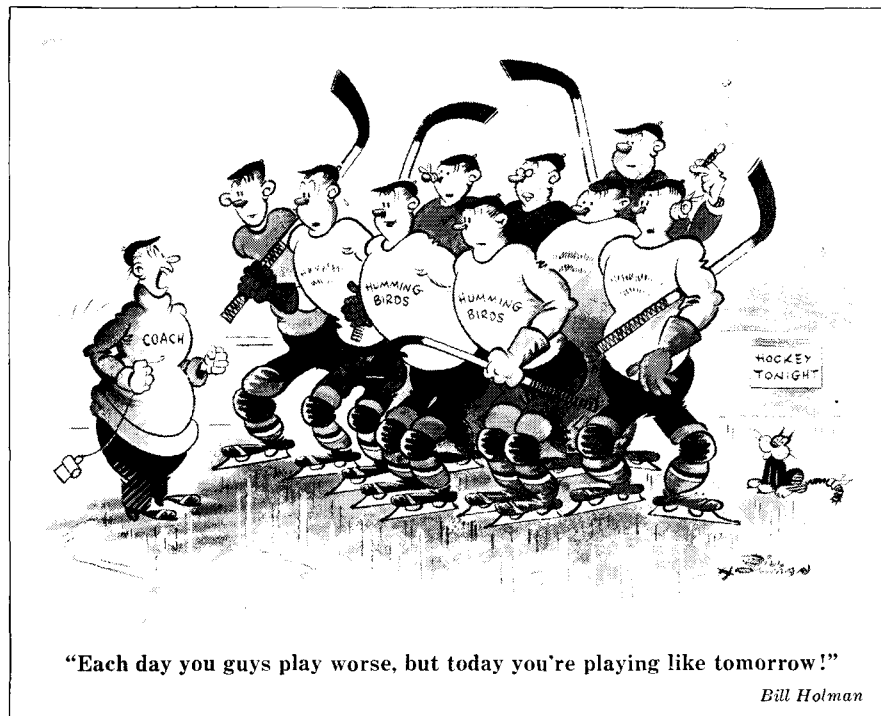
in that ancient city. The feathered hangings parted.

The Daughter of the Sun in Atl dropped a twentieth-century automatic on her wedding bed.

"Bill!" she called, running.

THE guards of Atl hunted all that night for Scaithe. Scaithe, who had hidden. Scaithe, the first craven in two hundred centuries. The search was desperate. There was an ancient prophecy which threatened doom if ever the Sun were shamed.

Sky reddened and they had not yet found Scaithe. I was glad for that. No swift death on the altar of the Sun awaited Scaithe. Carmain had claimed his place. The priests had eagerly complied. The loser of the final combat, not the winner, was the worthiest man in Atl. In this mightiest rest place of the Sun. But there was still the Atlan god of Evil, who had to be appeased. And so



ing. He turned toward Ricalde, who sat near.

"But I'm to be your sister's husband," Scaithe said. "You can stop them. You stand high in Atl."

It wasn't nice to see. He had been strong and ruthless all his life; and now fear had him by the hair.

"I?" said Ricalde. "Stop it? Who am I to stop it? They have been doing this for twenty thousand years."

A GORGEOUS nuptial procession moved, in a blaze of color, past the deep barred window where Deirdre Ricalde sat. Flowers which had come storming in about her as the barbaric spectacle went by covered the floor and the wide, low wedding bed. But presently the final violet-flaming torch turned past a temple's corner and was gone. The last bacchante, with a clash of cymbals, danced from sight. The last voluptuous call of harp and pipe sank muted in the soft embrace of silence. It was the bridal hour.

There came the clicking of great wards, and Deirdre Ricalde turned to face the long portières of feather-work that hid her chamber portal. They stirred to the caress of balmy night airs as the doors behind them opened. Deirdre Ricalde lifted to her side a little blue-black thing, ready to speak again two hundred centuries out of turn, there

they desperately searched for Scaithe. I hoped they wouldn't find him.

They searched until the Sun's rim topped the cliffs of Atl. Then the priests came for Bill Carmain. Bill wasn't hard to find.

There came again the clicking of great wards.

Bill Carmain's wife was in his arms; a girl not only wildly wanted, but beloved.

"This can't end, Bill. It can't!" she whispered. "But we couldn't shoot them down."

"It would be murder, butchery, if we did," agreed the man who held her. "They think they honor us. It's right to them."

"There has to be some other way," said Carmain's lovely bride. "There has to be!"

She clung to him. Then she said, "Kiss me, Bill. Here they come. Find some way, Bill; but not by killing them."

Their arms went round and tightened; her curves went flat against her husband's body. What force could separate a pair like that? And just then, as their mouths met, they were wrenched apart and hurled with terrible violence to the floor. They tried to reach each other, but were flung apart again. And so, in deadly fear, they crept together. And as their stretched hands joined, one of the massive walls

that formed their chamber split from floor to roof, leaving a ragged gap through which they saw the sun just leaping clear of Atl's cliffs. They saw the mighty elfland campaniles of Atl sway and lurch, and heard the thousand golden bells within them ring a terrible alarm. And then, with one small shoulder shrug, old Mother Earth laid the city of Atl flat.

First thought of all of us was the Savillia. There, if anywhere, was safety. I was first to reach it; then, soon, Bill, running desperately with his bride.

Ground swells. I've heard that used describing huge waves of the sea. But here were ground swells truly. The whole floor of the valley rolled.

Carmain climbed to his seat. I boosted Deirdre Ricalde in behind him. Bill's hand waved. I tugged. The prop spun, but there came no engine roar. You couldn't hear it. The universe was roaring.

We could take off! Up at the far end of the Combat Field the unbelievable wall that closed the valley's mouth was crumbling! And stones that weighed a dozen tons were tumbling down—mere children's building blocks. Now we could clear it!

We sat there waiting for Ricalde, watching chaos. We could take off with four, perhaps. But Ricalde never came. I thought he stayed too long, gathering together all his precious records. But Deirdre Ricalde says that there were things more precious even than his records—a certain pair of long, mysterious Coptic eyes, a pair of slim bronze arms in which death might be very sweet.

WE WAITED there until we saw, far up the valley, the great cliffs lean toward each other, while nearer still Cyclopean flakes of rock, mile high, began to split off from the face of Atl's walls. Then Deirdre Ricalde looked at her husband, and let her bright head drop in sad assent. I felt the old Savillia quiver as Bill let her have it.

Then suddenly he eased off. I looked at him. I saw him say it: "Scaithe!"

There he was, running; running across the Combat Field toward us as no man ever ran, or ever will. But it wasn't swift enough, that running.

Above a tossing bush, in a small patch of landscaping in the field, a hundred yards away from Scaithe, a gleaming circle whirled to life; and, moving at its center, an Atlan guard stepped out into the clear. He had guessed where Scaithe would come.

With deadly speed and accuracy that whistling circle spun at Scaithe. And suddenly the widely striding legs of him were snatched together, and held as tightly as though wrapped in winding sheet. Stopped dead in his mad running, Scaithe crashed down stunningly, and lay quite still.

I saw that faithful Atlan guard, with his world hurtling down about him, fit the butt of a long, needle-pointed javelin into the notch of his throwing stick, and raise his arm against that strong one who had been afraid, and so brought doom to Atl. And then, bombarded by great rocks and small, we left the heaving earth, and leaped the crumbling great wall up ahead of us on vicious blasts of wind that would have blown down any man but Bill Carmain.

Before we set our course, we banked, and wheeled across the site of Atl. Below us no incredible old city spread from cliff to cliff. There were no cliffs. As far as we could see there was no Vale of Atl. It was as though the hammer of Thor had splintered down the soaring ramparts which had through countless centuries protected it. We headed southeast with our little ship, starting the long hard climb along the Cordillera's flank. Beyond the range lay Cuyabá.

Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 28

the dampened ground toward the shadows where El Fuerte was.

El Fuerte had come to the end of a song and was disputing with his accompanist in undertones.

"Then play the beginning of *Chihuahua de Mis Amores*," he ordered.

"Mi General, I don't know that one either. You sing—I will follow."

"How the devil can I sing when I don't remember it myself? Aren't you good for anything? *Sangre de—*"

Suddenly he snapped bolt upright and his heels thudded on the ground. "Quien es?"

Tom Cloud stood two strides away, his thumbs hooked in his belt, regarding El Fuerte ironically. "Who does it look like?"

El Fuerte stared at him. "Oh," he grunted without noticeable delight. "It's you, is it? Now where the hell did you come from?"

"From the house," Cloud said shortly. "Where did you suppose?"

THEY stared at each other, unable to see much in the heavy dark; and gave a long moment to silence. "Kind of enjoyed the serenade," Cloud told El Fuerte. "Much obliged to you. Getting kind of tired of it now, though. Don't you ever expect folks to sleep?"

El Fuerte's big bulk seemed impassive, but an ugly edge came into his voice. "Mister, I don't understand much how it is you are here."

"You don't, huh? Maybe I don't understand much how come you're here, either."

They were silent again. By a faint crackle of paper El Fuerte knew that Cloud was making a cigarette. Cloud thrust the tobacco sack into El Fuerte's hands, and mechanically El Fuerte took it and made a cigarette of his own. It was curious how their hands went through accustomed, unhostile motions, while they stood here eying each other; two men, neither of whom knew anything about giving an inch to anyone, facing each other in a situation from which there could be no retreat.

Tom Cloud waited El Fuerte out, while the raw wind moaned in the pepper trees; a handful of cold drops spattered the back of his neck. The other spoke at last. "This is no time for us to quarrel, Mister," El Fuerte said. His voice was hardly more than a whisper. "We have other things to think, besides making love to women. Within two days I strike Ensenada; and that is for us both, for we are still partners in cattle. When that thing is done, and my *insurrectos* return to their *milpas*—then maybe you and I take this thing up again, here. Until then—it is very foolish if we quarrel, Mister."

"Suits me," Cloud grunted. "Any time you want to take anything up with me you know where to find me."

"But," El Fuerte said, "I do not expect to find you here."

"How was that, again?" Cloud let a mocking incredulity come into his low tones.

"Mister, I do not want to quarrel with you, as I say. Only I must tell you this one necessary thing. You must not come to this place any more. You must not see this woman any more. You are getting off very easy, Mister; I advise you not to push me too far. Remember that things are different now than when I first come. There is not any man in Baja who can live to reach the border if I choose to turn loose my wolves."

"Sounds right unfriendly," Cloud said without expression.

"I still want to be your friend. I even want certain help from you; I have already tell you what it is. But be careful what you do. *Nombre de Dios!* Do you think I kill a man to make room for you?"

Slowly Tom Cloud blew out a lungful of smoke in a thin stream; it took what seemed to be a long time. "So you killed John Boyce," he said at last.

"Of course. Who do you think kill him? That peon the rurales catch? I chase that peon out of here myself!"

"You chased Pepe out," Cloud said thoughtfully, "and set the rurales on him—and he's dead . . ."

"Very good thing for you to think about, maybe," said El Fuerte.

"I kind of thought you did that," Tom Cloud said slowly, "when it first come up. But somehow I got steered off, later on."

"You are easy to steer off, Mister," El Fuerte said, almost contemptuously. "But now you know the truth. Maybe that is one more reason we are frands, no? I think maybe I save you the trouble of killing that man yourself."

Tom Cloud said, "Perhaps." He knew that it was true that he might some day have killed John Boyce. But El Fuerte's killing of Boyce, and what Cloud's killing of Boyce would have been, had he ever come to it, were two vastly different things. Conceivably, Cloud might have found himself so driven by the tormenting of Kathleen that nothing would have been possible to him except to try to destroy the man in an even shoot-out. But to shoot down Boyce as a casual gesture, because he was in the way—that was something else. Cloud was thinking now of a time long ago when he had seen an effigy burned that was not an effigy; he was thinking of Pepe, terror-stricken and bewildered, somewhere, in the hands of the rurales; and of other things. And suddenly he knew that he understood El Fuerte more clearly than he had ever understood him before. An immense weight seemed to lift from him; he drew a deep breath and grinned.

IT WAS not true, as El Fuerte had always supposed, that Cloud was a man who thought slowly, and could only with difficulty muddle his way to a decision. He had seemed so to El Fuerte only because he reserved his judgments, always wishing to be sure.

"Since this thing happens," El Fuerte was saying, "naturally I cannot leave you here. You can see that. Our cows will take care of themselves for a little while, I think. You now ride with me to La Partida. After that you ride with me as we strike Ensenada, then Mexicali. You will stay with me until this thing is through."

As they were silent again El Fuerte peered at Cloud through the dark; and when he had done this he chuckled, not unpleasantly. "You think," he diagnosed. "Always it takes you a long time to think. But this time I think you know what you are going to do."

"I know what I'm going to do, all right," Cloud said.

There was something peculiar about Cloud's voice as he said that; and now the smile dropped from El Fuerte's face and his eyes narrowed again. "What is it you are going to do?" he demanded sharply.

"How many men can you raise in La Partida?" Cloud asked dryly.

"Maybe a thousand men. What you think of that? Now answer me, and be quick!"

(Continued on page 40)



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(Continued from page 39)

"I'm going to kick your revolution to flinders," Cloud said.

El Fuerte could not believe what he had heard. "You—what?"

"I'm going to bust up your fool revolt," Cloud repeated, "and run you out of Baja."

El Fuerte was too surprised to anger. They stood there a long moment more; and now, as they stood, the rain came at last, a long, hissing whisper that raced up the valley, rattled across the roofs of the hacienda, then suddenly enclosed them in a world of cold downpour.

"You are only one man," El Fuerte said at last, his voice raised against the rain. "All alone in a country strange to you. I am a thousand men—and you talk so to me?"

"Sure I'm only one man. There's only one revolution, isn't there?"

El Fuerte made an abrupt gesture. "You've had your chance, *por Dios!* I—"

Cloud swayed a little closer to El Fuerte. "My gun's in my hand," he told him through the falling water. "Even if you draw and fire, I can kill you as I fall."

"I DO not know why you come here," Solano told Cloud.

"I told you I came here to talk to you," Cloud said.

"We have nothing to talk about, I think."

"We have plenty to talk about," Cloud contradicted him. "You damn' well better bring yourself to listen to what I have to say." Cloud's eyes flicked to the face of Old Beard, then fastened themselves again upon Solano's steady gaze. "Boot your thugs out of here," he told Solano. "I'm damned if I'll talk to any man with guns in my back."

The three vaqueros who stood behind Cloud did not exactly have their guns in his back, but it amounted to that. The approaches to Solano's hacienda, he had found, were being carefully watched. Riding casually into a knot of Solano's own private guard, he had been held up, well prodded in the ribs with rifle muzzles, and taken promptly to Solano himself for further orders. Inasmuch as Solano was the man whom he had come to see anyway, Cloud had submitted with what little grace he could command.

Now Solano looked Cloud over, without seeming at all well-accustomed to the sort of thing he saw. Cloud was so thoroughly drenched that he already stood in an increasing puddle. But wet as he was, he seemed neither cold nor discommoded; and his light eyes lay on Solano with an all but arrogant composure. Solano looked at Beard, hesitated; then gave an order in Spanish. The three dark-faced vaqueros behind Cloud withdrew.

"I don't think you misread what goes on at La Partida," Cloud said. "Well, I've come here to make a deal with you."

Beard was still silent; he sucked upon his cold pipe. After a moment Solano said, "There is no deal you can make with me."

"I think there is," Cloud contradicted him again.

"I advise you," said Solano, his words heavily accented, meticulously chosen, "not to weigh too heavily the fact that you are an American citizen. Of your own will, you have placed yourself in a very critical position."

"I see well enough where you have a kick coming," Cloud admitted. "I've been a stranger here; it's been heavy going for me to get onto how things are run in this country."

"You have taken a great deal on yourself for a stranger!"

"If I had had any neighbors fit to call themselves such," Cloud told him, "none of this stuff would have come up. As it is, I've had to handle things whatever way I could. I've made mistakes, and plenty; but I'm willing to play my cards out as they lie. Now I'm ready to tell you what I can do for you, and what it will cost."

A hard, angry glint came into Solano's eyes. "Do I understand that you are threatening me?"

"Yes," Cloud told him.

"You're not talking to a peon, Cloud!"

Cloud shrugged. "El Fuerte can raise a thousand men in La Partida; at least four hundred of them will be well armed. Those men will have to be fed. If you want a thousand men turned loose in your beef herds, say the word."

"What you speak of I cannot stop," Solano said. "I will resist as I can, of course, and I recognize the cost. But I warrant that nobody connected with this thing will escape punishment. There will be two regiments in Baja

"That may be and it may not," Cloud said. "Nevertheless, I figure to stop this revolt."

Solano and Old Beard exchanged a long glance.

Cloud angered. "I'll tell you exactly what I'm going to do, and how I'm going to do it. For the second time, I advise you to listen to me!"

A LITTLE flush was beginning to show over Solano's cheek bones. "I'm getting just a little tired of this," he said. "You may as well know at once, sir, that you are a prisoner here! To my country I have certain duties that you would not understand. As you have said yourself, you do not understand this country or its people. If you did—but it is useless to discuss."

"I think you don't understand your own people," Cloud said disgustedly. "Go look at the faces of the rabble in La Partida. Then maybe you'll know what I already know: that they have no leaders there—only men ready to follow and fight and loot."

"Such men as El Fuerte naturally

"I've taken him already," Cloud told them with contempt.

The old ranchero stopped; and for a long moment the two others in that room stared at Tom Cloud. "You mean to say that by treachery—"

"Treachery, hell! He told me that I was virtually his prisoner. I put a gun in his ribs and showed him where he was virtually mine."

"I can't believe this!"

"But I have him, just the same," Cloud said; and waited.

"Where is he?" Solano demanded at last.

"Within a half mile of here."

Suddenly Solano raised clawed, shaking hands in front of Cloud. "By God, sir, if you lie to me—"

"Why the devil should I lie to you?" Cloud asked.

"If this is true— What is it you want from me?"

"I want you to hold them here for three days. I want your word of honor to give them back to me after that, unharmed."

"Them? How many are there?"

"Three. El Fuerte and del Pino; and a guitar-playing nigger with a split scalp. He tried to put a knife into me when I took El Fuerte's gun; I had to slug him down. I had to take him too, or he'd have spread the alarm in La Partida. Later there will be two more that must be taken out of it—the men called Bravo and Carlos. Bravo is the worst; the Yaqui riders from the mainland will follow behind him like a drift of wildfire. But Carlos can bring them all down on us too, if he's free."

SOLANO tossed his hands in a tense, despairing gesture. "Better than nothing, if it's true that you have El Fuerte. *Nombre!* I would have sworn that it could not be done! But we'll never hold him against the horde!"

"I can tell you exactly how we're going to hold him, and keep on holding him, until we're ready to put him out of the country."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Beard's matter-of-fact voice.

"You've never seen this thing," Solano said, with a bitter savagery. "Me, I have seen it many times—four times at least. You say you have counted a thousand men in La Partida—four hundred under arms. Now I can tell you what type of men those are. They are fighting men of a reckless and irresponsible kind; the most troublous class in Mexico. Not fifty of them will be able to read. They know nothing of politics nor economics nor government, nor anything whatever but horses, guns and what leaders like El Fuerte tell them. That isn't Mexico rising! That's rabble and scum, always ready to follow anyone who promises battle and loot and rapine."

"Without inciters they would still have been contented and at peace. But now they are gathered and roused with promises—and it's too late! Twenty little squabbling leaders will try to jump into El Fuerte's shoes and seize the government of the state. They will go raiding over this country like a scourge. Nothing and nobody will be safe, not a cattle herd nor a little store nor a home nor a barefoot girl. Here and there honest, peaceable men will bravely try to defend their own, and then there will be smoke in the sky, and corpses bloating unburied in the streets. The garrisons of Ensenada and Mexicali will be overpowered and martyred. In the end the disciplined Federal troops will come and blow the rebels apart, and hunt them down in the hills. But by that time there will be such shameful ruin in Baja that three generations will not cover up the scars."

"I tell you—" Tom Cloud began.



within two weeks. It is not going to go easy with people such as you."

"As it happens," Cloud said, "I didn't come here to threaten you. I came here to tell you that none of this is going to happen. Maybe I've been slow in getting hold of this thing. But I know now what I'm going to do. As it happens, I'm through with this El Fuerte."

Solano almost smiled. "This is a fine time for that," he answered.

"A little late," Cloud admitted. "But it'll serve the purpose."

"YOU harbored this man," Solano pointed out. "You, and you only of the cattlemen—of the true cattlemen—were in a position to know exactly what he was doing. I have never seen a man so clever at working under cover as El Fuerte. By the time his intention was plain the whole country was ready to burst into flame, and we had such a concentration of fighting men at La Partida as Baja has not seen in two decades. All this he does—and you give him what help you can. Now, when it is too late, you guess you are through! *Por Dios*, no! You cannot crawl out like that! You are in it as deep as the rest!"

would choose and gather." Old Beard said mildly. It was the first time he had spoken.

"There's your cue," Cloud told them coolly. "This El Fuerte is something like a fever tick. He can fasten himself onto a piece of country and inflame the whole works. But take him out of this and what's left?"

"And who's going to take him out of it?" Solano demanded hotly. "Even when I talked to him at your camp, did he unguard himself to an open break? At least two rifles could have picked me off that day, if I had touched my gun! How much more so now, surrounded with the fighting men of his other outbreaks—wary every moment, now that what he has afoot is plain!"

"You don't think you can take him?" Cloud said.

"You speak like a fool! Nobody can take him! Until the regiments come, and then only after—"

"Then," said Cloud, "I'll take him myself."

Solano jerked to his feet, exasperated, his patience at an end. "I've listened to enough of this infernal—" He was striding to the door. Cloud knew that in another moment the vaqueros would be in the room.

Solano flamed at him furiously. "Now that the thing is already out of all control, you tell me that you have fixed everything—you have seized El Fuerte," he said with savage contempt. "Captive or free—what difference is it now?"

"Let's try to look at this thing a little more quietly," Cloud said calmly. "I know we're in a jam, all right. And I'm willing to take my share of the blame. But I can still tell you how this is to be stopped."

Solano turned away from him, his face gray, his hands still quivering with the nervous force of his outburst.

"How many men have you that you can count on?" Cloud asked Beard.

"Seven or eight. Against—"

"These men of yours must ambush Bravo and Carlos at my camp. We'll get Bravo and Carlos to come there alone—at once—by a message from El Fuerte himself. He won't write it, but we'll send something that Bravo and Carlos will recognize as belonging to El Fuerte. When they ride into my camp, you have got to nail onto them. It's a part of my orders that they're to be taken alive."

"Your orders?" said Old Beard, startled.

"By God, it's time someone gave orders here!"

"And then?"

"You must pack out of my camp everything that belongs to El Fuerte. Hide your prisoners and hide the loot from my camp, and keep it hid."

"And what's that for?" Beard said sarcastically.

"I'm going to bluff the rebels out of La Partida. I'll have a better chance if they can check up and find out that El Fuerte appears to have gone over the hill."

Silence fell in the bare, bright-lighted room. It lasted a long time. "How do you figure," Beard said, "that one man can bluff a townful?"

"Maybe," Cloud said, "it can be done by letting them bluff themselves."

"I'm tired of this empty talk," Solano said, his voice ugly. "There is nothing about it that is not beyond all possibility."

"One thing, and one thing only, makes it barely possible," Cloud said. "The rebel mob in La Partida is badly sheltered. Morning will find them cold and wet and full of hangovers. There won't be any music or drunken speeches or drums to go against."

AGAIN that long, electric silence. "There's this," Old Beard said at last. "This boy don't understand these people. But neither do these people understand him. He's a plumb mystery to 'em, whatever he does." Another long pause. "And it's true that these revolts sure damp down in the rain and the cold."

"The man who tries to disband that horde will be destroyed," Solano said disgustedly. "There are too many men there who care nothing about human life. There are men there who would dress out this Americano like a steer, in no more than a moment of ill nature."

"What the hell is that to you?" Cloud asked. "If that happens you're no worse off than before."

"There's a chance it might work, Miguel," Old Beard said doubtfully. "Might do worse than let him try it, seems to me."

Solano growled inarticulately and was silent.

"You act funny," Beard said to him. "What's the point you set there and grunt? Here's a boy offers to go out and die."

Solano turned slowly and studied Cloud with curiosity, as he might have studied a madman.

"About the slimmest chance ever I see; but a chance," Beard added.

"To go there and die," Solano repeated speculatively.

For two minutes more Solano considered. He got to his feet, nervously impatient, at last. "Let's have a look at this Contreras they call El Fuerte."

Nothing but urgent necessity could ever have brought the two of them to work side by side. It was not until his three prisoners were in the hands of Solano, and there had been a message sent to Bravo and Carlos at La Partida, that Cloud could be sure of his ground.

Yet, in the end, Solano gave Cloud his confidence in a way Cloud would not have expected nor believed possible.

THEY were at Cloud's Flying K camp, by then. El Fuerte and del Pino were prisoners at Solano's hacienda, in the charge of Old Beard; and Miguel Solano had himself come to the Flying K camp to manage the capture of Bravo and Carlos—if they came, as Cloud believed they must.

Cloud was ready to ride. "There's one more thing," he said to Solano. It was the last moment before he mounted. "I have to get down-valley now; what's going on has to be explained to Mrs. Boyce. Because the one more thing is this: I realize I may talk myself into trouble in La Partida. And I want you to promise me this: If anything goes wrong, or I don't come back—you see to her safe conduct out of the country. I wanted to leave that to the last, until everything else was straightened out. But unless you can give me your word of honor on that, the works is off. Without that I don't dare take the chance."

"I promise," Solano said.

"Buena. There isn't any more to be said." Cloud stepped into the saddle.

But as he turned his horse Solano stopped him. "One moment, señor."

He extended his hand. A little surprised, Cloud gripped it. Solano's face was very somber. Beyond any doubt Solano was deeply impressed with the fact that Cloud was pushing himself forward into what, as Solano saw it, was plainly destruction.

"If I never see you again," Solano said, "I want you to know I admire this thing that you do. You are a brave man. I am sorry now that we have never understood each other; and I want you to know that I blame myself."

"That's all right," Cloud said awkwardly. He drew away his hand and would have ridden on.

"One thing more. I want you to know this one thing more. For as you know, I no longer doubt that you will do what you say; and it is my belief that you are going to die. I am sorry that I have seemed a bad neighbor. But it is not true that I did nothing to stop the rustling of your cattle. I could not bring myself to work hand in hand with an American, then. But I went against your enemies in my own way. And it cost me the life of my son."

"What?" Cloud could not believe that he had understood.

"He had the reputation for being reckless and wild," Solano said, his voice monotoned. "I sent him to ride with the thieves, to get evidence so that they could be cleaned out. Luck was against me. His first raid fell in with El Fuerte and his men, and the rustlers lost their horses. They turned upon my son, believing he had given them away. That is how my son was lost to me, señor."

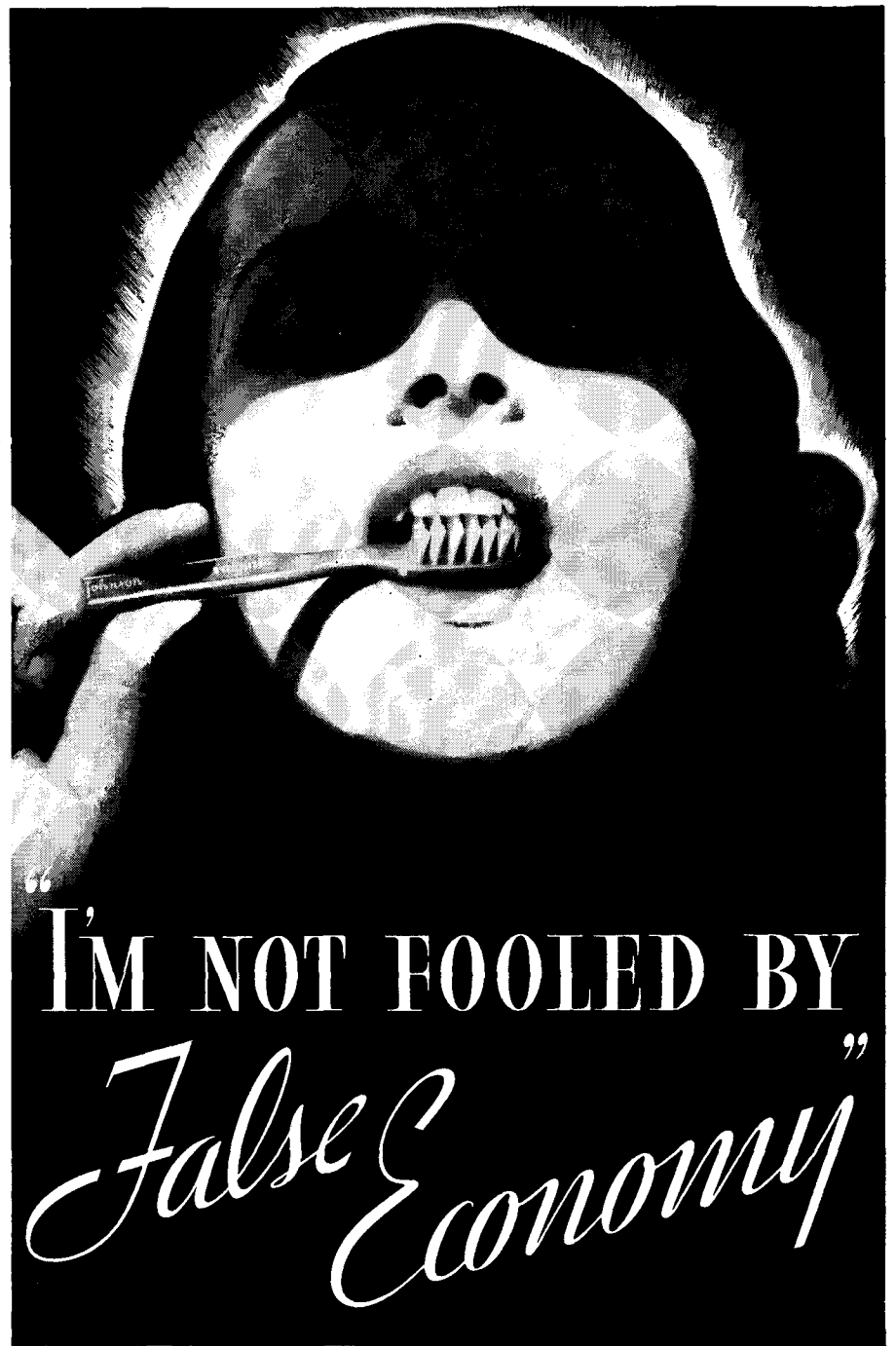
"Do you know—who—"

"He died without giving any name. What I have told you, I have found out; not anything more."

They were silent a moment. "You did this thing for me?" Cloud said at last.

"No, señor. It would not be true if I said that. It was for the people them-

(Continued on page 42)



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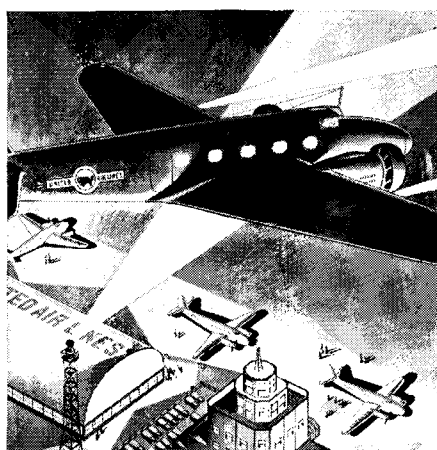
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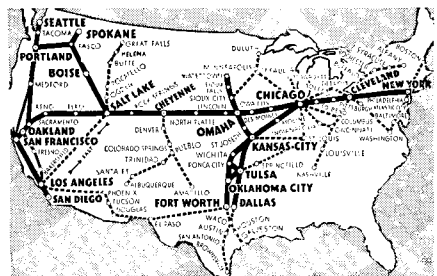
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(Continued from page 41)

selves, more than for you. It is not good for our people to learn to live by thievery. They are desperately poor, now, here in Baja; but they must find other ways."

"I'm sorry," Cloud said slowly, at last. It was all he could think of to say.

"I wanted you to know that one thing," Solano said, "in case you do not come back. For a time I blamed you, in part, merely because you were here. I do not blame you now. But I promise you this: If you come back, you and I will work together in all things; and we will clean out the Valley of the Witch!"

This time it was Cloud who extended his hand, and once more they shook hands gravely. Without another word Cloud raised his sombrero in salute, and started off down the dark valley.

IT WAS nearly eight o'clock in the morning as Cloud rode into La Partida in the gray rain. Yet there was little light, as if the dawn had come on reluctantly and with pain, unable to bring itself to turn into day.

Because of the cold soak of the weather Cloud would not have been surprised to find La Partida less crowded today; he had thought that at least the makeshift shelters outside of the town might be deserted. But they were not. Under the ineffectively thrown together thatches of palm leaves and grass and brush the many men and few women of the outposts squatted on their heels about little smudgy fires, the serapes under which they huddled steaming dimly. No cheering now as Cloud rode into La Partida alone, no singing, no games, no exuberant harangues.

Cloud pushed his sulky horse into the village, squishing cannon-deep in mud. The street was almost deserted now; the tables and benches where so many had been fed in the open air the day before were abandoned skeletons, streaming rain water. But here and there under an improvised lean-to little knots of people were camped desolately in the wet; and sometimes against an adobe house front a row of four or five blanket-wrapped men squatted on their heels, tight against the wall to gather what shelter they could from the eaves—stoic, unmoving men, their dark faces beaded with the rain whipped into them by the fitful wind. They would not have been crouched here in the raw cold and the wet had they not been crowded out of the houses in which they must have slept. They sat impassive, their eyes as dull and heavy as the lead in their guns, and waited for better things.

Perceiving by these evidences that the town was still crowded, Cloud experienced a queer stir of emotion, almost of regret. The cold rain would have emptied this overcrowded town had this been any ordinary *grito*; by this time the last of the strangers would have been prodding their drenched burros ahead of them, straggling home over the long, muddy trails. Not ten men in Mexico could have raised a revolt in the teeth of such dismal weather. But now Cloud knew that El Fuerte would have been able to raise them; the very fact that El Fuerte could hold them here, just by not telling them they could leave, told Cloud that these people would have followed El Fuerte through rain, and cold, and hell-fire, too, perhaps. Now they waited doggedly in the cold and the rain for a command that was not going to come.

Halfway up the length of the street a little knot of three men walked out, more than ankle-deep in mud, to speak to Cloud. After a moment or two of hesitancy, two more came out from under the eaves on the opposite side of the street and joined them.

"Días," they grunted.

"Buenos días," Cloud acknowledged.

Four shifted in the mud uncertainly, but the fifth spoke up: "Where is *el General*?"

Cloud looked them over slowly. The speaker was tall, the color of yellow leather, and blind in one eye. The living eye was direct and hard, the eye of some minor predatory animal quicker in action than in understanding. The blunt, dark faces of the uncertain ones told Cloud nothing; only the speaker was of interest, a potential leader here, among these others who were perhaps his kin.

Cloud said, very solemnly and slowly, "You don't know where El Fuerte is?"

"Why the devil do you think I ask you?" The one-eyed man let his voice raise a little. "Are we to sit here in the rain—"

With a gesture Cloud cautioned him to silence. "You had better come and talk to me," he told the one-eyed man. "Come to the *alcalde's* house." He regarded the other mournfully for a minute more; then set his eyes into the mists ahead of him, and pushed his horse forward. The one-eyed man had to step back sharply to keep from getting a foot stepped on; yet there had been no arrogance in Cloud's move. It was simply as if the peons who clustered about him had dropped out of his mind altogether.

He moved on down the street through the rain and the mud, neither glancing back nor listening to see if they followed. He knew that after a few minutes they would come, drawn irresistibly.

A harsh reek of drowned charcoal and ashes hung over the end of the street nearest the plaza; it hung suspended peculiarly in the downpour, as if the ghosts of last night's dead fires were here—intangible presences that the rain could not bear down. About the door of the *alcalde's* house lay a sodden litter of the emptied corn husks from tamales, and the butts of cigarettes. Cloud tied his horse to an iron ring beside the door, and went without knocking into the ell he had first entered with El Fuerte.

INSTANTLY the dense atmosphere of the room pushed against his face, almost as palpably as the shove of a sweaty hand. Men were packed into the house of the *alcalde* like brown beans in a pot. They lay sleeping in windrows, wrapped in their serapes, upon the packed adobe of the floor; they squatted everywhere on their heels, they stood in groups that had no room to sit down, they roosted all along yesterday's improvised bar. Beyond the inner door, which was wide open to the flooded patio, more men could be seen close-packed under the shelter where yesterday Cloud and El Fuerte had drunk together, discuss-

ing El Fuerte's campaign to glory. Still more were huddled in the stable shelter beyond the rain, so that the burros and even the fighting cocks had been crowded into the open downpour.

The little *alcalde* came pushing through the press to Cloud. His bushy gray mustache was in spiked straggles, giving a curiously wild, edgy look to his pudgy face. His earnest, mildly stupid eyes were hard and bright with a question he obviously did not wish to voice.

Tom Cloud stood with his back against the door. Always, except when he was with Bravo or El Fuerte, Cloud's height towered over these people; and now, though his head was thrust forward and down like a stubborn steer, he dominated everyone in that packed room by a head.

"Clear the room," he told the *alcalde*. "You come from—you are sent by—" the little man began.

"Clear the place, I say! I want every one out of here. At once!"

THE head man of La Partida hesitated a moment more, meeting Cloud's eye with a distraught stare. Then he turned abruptly, almost in a panic, and began shouting and pushing the packed throng toward the patio. "Out, now, out—pronto! In the name of the general! *Borrachos! Ladrones!* We must have this room!"

They moved out slowly, eying Cloud, stumbling over each other; for the most part sullenly silent with the torpor the cold and the wet had put upon them. In the typical dry weather of Baja these men would have slept by their little fires in the brush, heads hidden in their tight-wrapped blankets, as much at home on the ground as coyotes.

"See that these men stay near," Cloud ordered the *alcalde*, and the little man shouted appropriate warnings. Cloud already knew—and a hurried check-over of the pack confirmed this—that these were the key men of all the fighting men in La Partida. Many as they were, Cloud knew that no one of them had the nerve to seek shelter in the very headquarters of El Fuerte without believing himself of importance. These were the squad leaders—men who had brought with them three or four or twenty relatives whom they dominated, men who had brought horse bunches, or little stores of cherished and long-hidden arms.

When the last of them was out the *alcalde* closed the patio door, by main strength and with difficulty, against the press of men. Instantly he whirled and extended nervous, questioning hands toward Cloud.

"Where is El Fuerte?" he demanded in a rasping whisper.

(To be concluded next week)



"Ooh, ain't that a beaut? Gee, I wish I had a robe like that!"

Jay Irving

A Great Man's Son

Continued from page 24

emerged into this world and they said to his father, "It's a boy," he chortled and shouted, "We'll call 'im Robert, Junior, and 'e'll be the 'eavyweight champion of the world."

When the youngster was fifteen he could outbox the old champion. About this time Old Bob arranged for Young Bob's informal debut. He invited several friends to his New Jersey home and introduced the kid to them. Then he and the boy put on gloves and went to work.

The friends, all boxing critics, were amazed at the performance put on by the kid. He fainted the old man out of position time after time and tapped him lightly with right crosses. He speared him with left jabs and then, wonder of wonders, actually worked that famous Fitzsimmons shift against the man who had originated it.

No Place for Mercy

They boxed prettily and then suddenly the old man shot a left hook to the kid's chin. It was a beauty. The kid's knees sagged. Then Old Bob stepped in and sank his right into the boy's stomach. The kid was groggy. He stepped back. Then he pulled off his gloves and walked out of the barn and into the house.

Old Bob chuckled. "He can box, can't he? But he don't like to take it."

If young Bob had a son (his two children are girls) I don't think he could ever throw a left hook to the boy's jaw and then ram a right hand into the unprotected stomach of the kid.

The ring critics always said that young Bob didn't have the "killer instinct." Time after time he'd get a man going, maneuver him into position for a knockout—and then step back and box.

One night I saw him box a man named Jack Reeves at the Pioneer Club in New York. He hit Reeves with everything but the referee. Reeves began to bleed from the mouth. The blood flowed down his body. Bob's gloves became smeared with it and every time he hit Reeves anywhere the blow left a crimson trademark. Reeves was game. He kept boring in, trying to land that one Sunday punch.

He couldn't have hit Bob with a baseball bat. Bob side-stepped, ducked, weaved away from punches—and kept on jabbing Reeves silly. It wasn't pretty to watch. It was too one-sided. Bob looked appealingly toward the referee a dozen times, asking him to stop it.

In the tenth round Reeves, who had lost all sense of direction, threw three low blows, all of which landed. The referee warned him and then he threw another. The referee, Eddie Purdy, disqualified him and awarded Bob the bout on a foul.

He was sitting on a rubbing table when I went into his dressing-room. He looked pretty downcast.

"This is a hell of a game I'm in," he mumbled, and I started because it was the first time that I had ever heard him swear.

"A hell of a game," he repeated to himself. "Reeves used to be a sparring partner of mine. He lived up in the country with us. He used to play with my kid, carry her around on his shoulders and she was crazy about him. When we shook hands tonight he said, 'How's the youngster, Bob?' and I told him the kid was swell and he'd have to come up to the country and see her. The referee thought we were crazy. I guess. Then we got fighting. Imagine

me trying to knock a man into insensibility—a man my kid is crazy about. This is a hell of a game."

"It's a living, Bob," I told him.

"And the only one I know," he said wearily.

Professional boxing has become respectable. It isn't prize fighting any more. It's the manly art of self-defense and society women arrange matches and hold benefits for the poor. It is all very glamorous and, when you surround a fight with a lot of colorful words as the gifted sport writers do, the fight assumes a glorious quality—which really doesn't belong to it. Like war. Under all of those words remains the basic fundamental fact that when two men enter the ring they are in there to knock each other unconscious and to make money.

Dempsey was great because once he stepped into that ring he dropped a thousand years off his shoulders. He was a blazing, wild-eyed killer once the gong rang. He was dominated only by one impulse—to smash that figure in front of him to a pulp. He never felt blows. He just tore in there in a berserk rage—a throwback to the cave-man days. When it was all over Jack was an agreeable, considerate, rather lovable person who'd cut off an arm rather than intentionally hurt the feelings of anyone he knew.

Tunney was great because in the ring he was as cold as a November frost. He thought in the ring—he never felt.

And Old Bob himself? How about the time he fought Gus Ruhlin in the old Garden? Ruhlin, coached by Jim Corbett, slashed him to pieces for five rounds. Old Bob kept shuffling in for more. His mouth and nose were bleeding and spectators were beginning to shout to the referee to stop the slaughter. Old Bob shuffled out flat-footed for the sixth round. Ruhlin jumped in for the kill. Old Bob worked that famous shift—the one that flattened Corbett at Carson City—and Ruhlin was a writhing mass of agony on the floor. The fight was over. Old Bob then for the first time noticed that he was bleeding. He was a killer, all right.

Not What the Public Wants

Young Bob is no killer. He's just an ordinary, decent American citizen, the head of a cultured, lovely family. And he sat outside of the house he built for his family and talked about fighting.

"I haven't had a fight in a year," he said thoughtfully, yet without bitterness. "I can't get a fight and yet I'm in the best shape of my career. They just don't like my style of boxing. It's funny, too, I see a lot of men getting fights whom I actually couldn't use as sparring partners. But they've got what the public wants, I guess."

In the lobby of the Garden they've got a big picture of Old Bob. People stop and look in awe at that lanky figure. Some one mentions that Old Bob has a son who used to box around town. What ever became of him?

"Oh, I don't know," someone will say. "He was nothing like the old man. No, just a ham-and-egger. He'll never be the man his father was."

Well, maybe they're right. Young Bob is only another American citizen who thinks that the world starts and ends with that family of his. Nothing very distinguished about him. There are twenty million like him in the country. They're not so much, these ordinary American citizens; but they come in handy sometimes.

How the White Man Gave the Eskimo Tooth Decay

Before the white man came, tooth decay was unknown. Now the Eskimo eats the wrong foods, doesn't clean his teeth, has civilized habits, and pays the penalty with poor teeth



A 17th century artist's conception of pain which might have been caused by an abscessed tooth.

(Left) The modern Eskimo after a half century of civilization's luxuries.

tooth surfaces, where it provides both shelter and food.

Removing film is, therefore, the most important problem in saving teeth. Recently a notable discovery for removing film

was made in the Pepsodent laboratories. It is a revolutionary cleansing material. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the New Pepsodent and ordinary brands.

Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. Pepsodent's new material is twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes, yet it is also remarkably effective in removing film.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because of it Pepsodent is looked upon as the safest tooth paste known. At the same time Pepsodent stands alone in its power to cleanse and polish teeth.

BEFORE he ate the soft, starchy foods of civilization, toothache was unknown to the oldest Eskimo, unless perhaps he had broken one off by accident. Within a few years the toothache of civilized races began to appear. It was found to result from common tooth decay.

Now dental science explains the cause of tooth decay in this way: Modern diet consists largely of soft, sticky foods. After eating, particles of food cling between the teeth and under the gums. Germs cause this food to spoil or decay. As food decays, acids are given off which decay or dissolve the tooth enamel. Once through enamel decay progresses rapidly until the nerve is reached and the entire tooth is undermined.

The Eskimo originally ate a different kind of food. It was coarse and hard. In chewing it, teeth were automatically cleaned. His food was also rich in vitamins which made teeth strong. But modern foods have changed all that.

Not one person in ten thousand has teeth hard enough to resist the acids which cause decay. Therefore, modern dental science has turned its attention to fighting these acids and the germs which produce them. These germs live and multiply in a coating of film or *mucin plaque*, which forms on teeth. Film is tough and clings stubbornly to teeth. It catches the acid-producing germs and glues them to the

An uncivilized African who files her teeth to pin points for beauty's sake.

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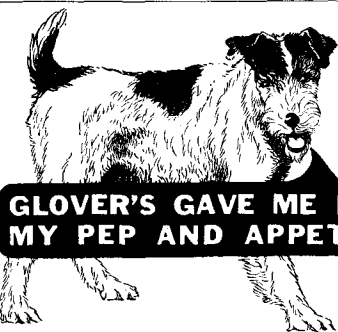
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day, and she met a Mrs. Sibley. . . . Yes—Helen's mother. . . . Apparently some of these women were talking about their troubles with their children, and wishing they'd grow up and get off their hands, when this Mrs. Sibley told them they didn't know what trouble was, yet. It seemed that she had a grown daughter who was being led astray—yes, that was what she called it—by a Bohemian bachelor girl. . . . Yes, that was what she called you. A girl named Ann Copeland who lived on Grove Street."

"Bohemian? Me? Oh, dear! . . . How do I lead her astray?"

"It's nothing to laugh about. I gather that whenever Helen goes out with Larry she tells her parents that you're taking her to a party. So you get the blame for keeping her up all night, carousing. It's nothing to laugh about!"

"Evidently not," Ann agreed, "if your sister took the trouble to rush off to you and spill the whole story." He reddened.

"Well—she's only met you once; and, after all, the Reamses have been a fairly good family in New York for about a hundred years. If I talk about marrying somebody from Montville, that she'd never heard of, you can't blame her for wanting to be sure I know what I'm doing."

"But—good heavens! I thought you had some sense of proportion, even if your sister hasn't. Helen has to tell her people some story like that to get away from home. If you knew her mother—"

"Oh, I don't doubt that she's narrow-minded as well as loose-tongued. But Helen has no right to put you in a position to be talked about."

"I can stand it; I'm a lone woman, and my friends don't worry over gossip." But he was worried, all too plainly; she took hold of his coat lapels. "My dear," she said, "I know how you feel. With a mother and sisters, and a—a family tradition— But Helen is really in a jam; and Larry's the only exit she can find. If she needs help— Well, you wouldn't think much of me if I let her down, would you? . . . Of course you wouldn't; and I'd much rather have your good opinion than Mrs. Sibley's. . . . Come, now—let's go to dinner."

WHEN you went anywhere with Vince, you could be sure that everything would be just right. His presence, his manner, his sure taste, gave you a soothing sense of stability; as if, with him, you fitted into a framework that had been building for a hundred years. (Now, Bill—she'd always thought of him as somebody like herself; an unattached atom, looking for a place to edge his way into the picture.) Mrs. Vincent Ream would step instantly, automatically, into a position that Mrs. William Pearson might never attain. . . . As if that had anything to do with it, thought Ann scornfully. But it did have something to do with it when you were planning your life; especially when, dancing with Vince, you wished you were in a taxi where he could kiss you. . . .

But when he did kiss her in the taxi, going home, she shivered.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Still sore over what I said?"

"What? . . . Oh, about your sister? I'd forgotten that. . . . I don't know. Something Helen said upset me, I guess."

"About Bill Pearson?" he inferred. "Now why do you go tormenting your conscience about that? You were never engaged to him—"

"No, but it was understood, till we got into an argument just before he

left—" She flushed; Vince had never heard about that argument. He never would, either. "And even after that I meant to marry him."

"Well, you don't mean to marry him now, do you? You love me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. . . . But I thought I loved Bill, when he went away. If I couldn't trust the way I felt then, how can I trust the way I feel now?"

"It's not quite the same, I hope," he said rather stiffly.

"I wonder. . . . Oh, of course you and Bill are terribly different. There are lots of things I like about you that he hasn't got." (Things you got by belonging to a family that had been pretty good for a hundred years.) "But how can I tell which of you I like better, when I can see you any evening and he's four thousand miles away?"

"You'll find out in three months," he said, "if not before. . . . I'm not going to rush you, Ann."

"You are nice," she sighed; and when he kissed her that time she felt no constraint. If things went on like this, it wouldn't take her three months to make up her mind. . . . The taxi stopped at her door; Vince came into the lobby with her while she got out her key. Absently her eyes went to her mail box; from the slit an envelope protruded. She took it out, tore it open. A cablegram. . . . Bill never cabled to her; and anything might happen to a man who was traveling in the wilds— But a glance relieved her; she handed the message to Vince:

RECALLED ACCOUNT DEATH IN HOME
OFFICE SEE YOU SOON LOVE BILL

"He says 'soon,' Vince. What does that mean?" (He had also said "love." Poor Bill.) "I suppose he's taken a boat from Callao—"

"Then he ought to be here in two weeks. Maybe less."

"Thank God for that," she said, and laughed unsteadily at his consternation. "Don't you see, my dear? You know I couldn't have held out for three months; and if I'd said yes before Bill came back you'd never have been sure whether—whether it was a feeling we could trust. But now we only have to wait two weeks; and then I'll know; and then—"

"Yes," said Vincent, glowing with confidence. "Quite right, Ann; you ought to wait. After all, two weeks isn't so terribly long."

. . . And if he'd only said anything but that, she reflected hours later, I might be able to go to sleep.

IT WENT round and round in her mind, the same old argument. She loved Vince, she supposed; but if she couldn't trust the way she had felt when she had said that a year wasn't so terribly long, how could she trust the way she felt now? She and Vince had so many harmonies that she'd never found in the hair-trigger tension of her relations with Bill, and you certainly ought to marry a man you'd get along with. Also it was silly to stick to a promise, even if you'd only made it to yourself, when you preferred somebody else; but she hated to think that she was the sort of person who'd let somebody down. . . . It was a relief when the lock clicked and Helen tiptoed in.

"I'm awake," said Ann. "How was your evening?"

"Rotten, thank you. Larry was stewed, and quarrelsome. I finally got him out of the Quatorze and tried to take him home; but in the lobby of his

own house he began accusing me of wanting to ditch him and go back to join another party; so I let him bring me down here to show him he was wrong. And then he passed out in the taxi. Dead to the world, when I left him."

"Helen," said Ann desperately, "it's none of my business; but—is he an exit? I mean, wouldn't he be as hard to live with as the family?"

"I begin to think so." Helen tossed the green cape on a chair, took off her black frock and hung it in the closet, put on her old brown suit. "It isn't much past one," she said. "I think I'll go home. I've got taxi money from the end of the subway; and the family goes to bed early. They won't know when I got in, and they'll be pleasantly surprised to see me at breakfast. . . . You see," she explained, "if I stay here Larry will call up in the morning and want to see me. I don't know whether he'll want to go on with the row or kiss and make up, but I know whichever I do I'll wish I hadn't. . . . Good night. Try to sleep."

THERE might be more hope of that, Ann reflected, if I smoked a cigarette. She got up, drew the green cape around her nightgown; but she couldn't stop thinking—the same old cycle of arguments. And before she had finished her cigarette she heard footsteps on the stairs, a ring at the door. . . . Larry, she thought instantly. I don't know whether he's come to kiss and make up or to go on with their quarrel, but I'm going to tell him a few things anyway. . . . She opened the door—and stared at a policeman, at a squat man in a chauffeur's cap behind him.

"Sorry to bother you, miss," said the policeman. "But seeing your light, I thought I'd find out if you was the lady that was brought here just now in this man's taxi, by a citizen named Lawrence F. McRoy."

She stood in stunned silence, her mind working at lightning speed. Larry's wife must have heard about the girl he was taking around to night clubs, must be trying to get evidence—

"Looks like her," said the taxi driver. "Yes—I know that coat."

Helen and I don't really look much alike, she thought; but we're the same height, and both blondes. With a fur collar turned up— Anyway, it's no crime to go with a man to a night club. And I can stand what people say; I'm a lone woman, and Vincent knows the truth. Whereas if her people find out what she's been up to—especially now, when she's thinking of breaking off with him. . . .

"Yes, I'm the lady," she said. "What's the matter? Did he walk off without paying his fare?" The policeman's eyes were menacing.

"No, he didn't walk off. What I want to know is when he died."

"Died?" she gasped. She wondered what she was letting herself in for, realized that it wasn't too late to let herself out—at Helen's expense. But you didn't like to make a habit of letting people down. . . . "Come in," she said. "And sit down. And—excuse my costume." Then, when the policeman closed the door: "Tell me what happened."

"Maybe you can tell me. All I know is that I was patrolling my beat on Greenwich Avenue when this fellow drove up in his cab and says he's got a corpse inside. He don't know how long he's been dead—"

"And maybe she does," said the

driver hoarsely. "He never said a word when she got out; she told me to take him back to where I picked them up. Then, at the corner, I couldn't remember if it was Number 99 or Number 89; and when I turned around to ask him—"

"But I never dreamed—" she said. "I knew he was stewed; we'd been to the Club Quatorze, and I tried to take him home; but—"

"How did he get that cut on his head?" the policeman demanded. She stared blankly; Helen's reminiscences of the evening hadn't covered that. He leaned forward, scrutinized the fur collar of her cape, touched it with his finger. "Blood," he said. "You better come clean, now. Tell me how it happened." She wished she knew; she sat silent. "Won't talk?" he said. "Then you better come over to the station; maybe you'd talk to somebody else. . . . You can dress in the bathroom, can't you? I'll wait here, with this other material witness."

While she dressed she tried to think, but only one thing was clear—she couldn't go much farther with this, alone. So when she emerged, ready for the street, she picked up the telephone. The policeman started up uneasily, but subsided when she observed:

"I have a right to call a lawyer, haven't I?" So, presently, "Vince!" she said. "Sorry to wake you up, but I need you—professionally. . . . No, not here; at the Charles Street police station. . . . No, I haven't had a burglary. I'll tell you everything when I see you."

"Then don't tell anybody anything till you do see me," he warned her automatically; and she hung up with an immense reassurance. When Vince was looking after you, you felt an unshakable stability.

SHE waited for him in the bare back room of the station, under bright lights that made her head ache, envying the policeman drowsing on the bench beside her. She was terribly tired, but she felt as if she could never go to sleep again. Then Vince came in, puzzled and alarmed, and she all but tumbled into his arms.

"My dear! I was never so glad to see anybody in my life!"

The policeman left them alone; she told him about it, and as she talked she could see his bewilderment turning into horror. And disgust. "Of all the imbecility!" he exploded at last. "You come out to the desk with me, and tell the lieutenant the truth."

"What? . . . But if I did that, Helen—"

"I don't care a damn about Helen. I do care about you."

"But nothing in particular could happen to me—"

"Oh, couldn't it? Here's a dead man, with a cut on his head. Helen admits she'd quarreled with him. Suppose she pushed him; he was drunk, he fell, he hit his head against a table—"

"If anything like that had happened, she'd have told me."

"And let herself in for a manslaughter indictment?"

"Manslaughter! . . . But, Vince, she would have told me; I know her. And if there was any danger of my being indicted, she'd come through and tell her story. But till then— She's got trouble enough, with Larry dead. Why should I pile more on her—make her home unlivable, now that she's got to live in it? I know how you feel, but—"

"I begin to doubt it. . . . Ann, you called me in as a lawyer. My professional advice is that you tell the truth and tell it now. You've done too much for Helen already. She may be your friend, but—"

"But friendship ceases when she needs me? That isn't my idea."

"All right," said Vincent. "I know

you weren't with Larry McRoy tonight; I know who was. If you won't tell the truth, I will."

His hand was on the door knob when her level voice halted him.

"Vince! If you do that I'll never speak to you again. . . . I mean it. I know you're trying to keep me out of trouble, but this is my affair. I won't have you overruling me! I'm not your child; I'm me, myself! I do my own talking!" She swept past him, into the outer room. "All right, Lieutenant; I'll tell you everything I know."

It wasn't much, she realized, as she repeated what she had heard from Helen; and when she came to the main point, she couldn't pretend to know how Larry had hurt his head. Then, to her immense relief—

"That's all right," said the lieutenant. "The medical examiner says it's only a scratch; he died of heart failure. There'll be an autopsy to make sure, but we needn't keep you up any longer. So long as we can be sure you'll be on hand if we need to ask any more questions—"

"I guarantee that," Vincent spoke up behind her. "I'm her counsel; I'll be responsible for her." (As if she weren't responsible for herself.)

And then she found herself on the sidewalk, trembling uncontrollably from the suddenly relaxed tension. A taxi rolled up; Vince put her in, climbed in beside her. She was silent a while; then:

"Sorry I lost my temper, Vince; I know how you must have felt. . . . But I'm glad I didn't weaken, since everything turned out all right."

"It seems to me," said Vince icily, "that things are very far from all right. This will get into the papers—"

"I hadn't thought of that; but what of it? It's no crime to go to a night club with a man. . . . Anyway, you know it wasn't me; and even your mother and sisters will believe it if you tell them, won't they?"

"I presume so. But we aren't accustomed to this sort of publicity."

"Oh, you aren't? Well, I'm not one of you yet. . . . Vince, we'd better stop talking; we're both tired and nervous, we might say anything. Call me up this afternoon; maybe by that time we'll both be sane."

BUT she didn't feel any too sane, when she had to get up after three hours' sleep and break the news to Helen by telephone; and with that ordeal out of the way she had to go to the office and put in a day's work. One or two reporters called her up, but she said she had nothing to say; Vince had told her that was safest. Which she began to doubt when she went out to lunch, and saw the evening papers.

Larry McRoy had died of heart failure; she was safe enough there. But the taxi driver had picked him up, with a girl later identified as Ann Copeland, emerging from the apartment house where he lived; and nobody seemed to believe her version of the reason they happened to be there. Also, yesterday the deceased McRoy had bought a dinner gown at Raimundo's, and had it sent to this same Ann Copeland—

When she went back to her desk she could feel everybody looking at her, and didn't have the courage to face their eyes. But when the boss' buzzer summoned her she had to face him—solid, sober, shyly distressed.

"Er—Miss Copeland. Your private life is none of my business; but I—I've always admired you, and— Well, I hope this isn't true."

"No, Mr. Seaver, it isn't true—but I can't deny it. . . . Of course I'll resign; I know the firm isn't used to this sort of publicity."

"Who said anything about resigning? . . . Why can't you deny it?"

"Will you promise not to tell anybody?" He nodded; so she told him the whole story—all but names. "I didn't realize there'd be things like this in the paper," she finished candidly. "I hope I'd have done it anyway; but of course, if it embarrasses the firm—"

"I guess the firm can live it down," he said dryly.

So that was all right; but presently Vince called her up.

"Could you drop in at the apartment about six?" she asked.

"Why can't I pick you up when you leave the office," he countered, "and take you home in a taxi? The sooner we clear this up the better."

BUT when he met her downstairs at five, bundled her into a taxi, his stiff severity rubbed her the wrong way. Maybe that was one of the things you got by belonging to a family that had been pretty good for a hundred years, but she didn't like it much.

"My dear," she said, "I'm awfully sorry this happened. But after all, you know the truth; and you can tell your mother and sisters; and that's all that really matters, isn't it?"

"All that matters? When the whole town thinks that the girl I intend to marry was being kept by Larry McRoy?"

"Of course that's unpleasant; but we can't do anything about it now."

"Yes, we can! We can tell the truth. . . . It might be embarrassing for you to repudiate your story; but I can do it, as your counsel—"

"You'd do that to me?" she said furiously. "To save your mother and sisters from embarrassment, you'd show me up as somebody who tries a grand gesture and then runs to cover when there's something to pay?"

"But listen, Ann!" He was genuinely bewildered. "You made a mistake; on advice of counsel you've decided to correct it—"

"By throwing Helen overboard. . . . Yes, I know you're sick of hearing Helen. But it isn't Helen I'm thinking about, chiefly; it's me."

"So am I," he told her. "When you started this, I know you never dreamed what you were getting into. You got yourself out on a limb, step by step; and now, when I offer you a chance to get back—"

"At the cost of my—my integrity. . . . Only last night you said you liked what you called my fastidious sense of honor. But that was when you didn't think it was going to cost you anything. Now that it does—"

"Sense of honor? When you disgrace the name of a family which—"

"And so on and so on and so on," she interrupted. "I haven't disgraced your family; we're not engaged—and we never will be," she decided. "Our codes of ethics are too different."

"Of course," said Vince savagely, "you're perfectly safe. If you throw me over there's always Bill Pearson. He won't be here for two weeks; the newspapers will have forgotten the story by that time. If he were here now, he wouldn't like this publicity any better than I do; but when it's all over— You won't need to be a lone woman, will you?"

"What?" She stared at him furiously; then, leaning forward toward the driver, "Stop!" she commanded. "Let me out right here! . . . No, Vince; not another word. I'm through. And thank God I found out in time. I guess Helen did me a favor after all."

But as she marched down the block toward her apartment, she wasn't very happy. She had liked Vince, till this irreconcilable difference bobbed up between them. . . . Some irreconcilable difference always seemed to bob up, just

(Continued on page 46)

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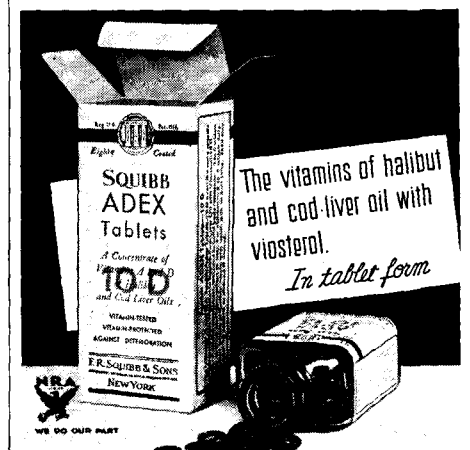
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(Continued from page 45)

when you'd decided you wanted a man. . . . And she couldn't help thinking about what he'd said about Bill; it was so damnably plausible. If Bill were here now he'd hate this publicity; any man would, about a girl he loved. But coming back in two weeks with all the hubbaloos forgotten, he'd never get the feel of it; it would be ancient history. And then, if he still wanted her— I won't, I won't, I won't, she told herself desperately. That sort of thing's impossible.

SHE turned into the lobby of her apartment house—and stood still, in utter bewilderment. For there, sitting on the steps, was Bill.

"I—I didn't expect you for two weeks," she said. "How?"

"I took a plane, of course. . . . Ann— I know you don't want to be bothered now, but if I can talk to you for just two minutes—"

"Come on up," she said automatically. . . . It was like old times to have Bill coming up with her; but she mustn't let it get her— In the apartment he faced her, somber, his hands in his pockets.

"I just wanted to say, Ann, that if—"

if there's anything I can do for you—I know you don't want to talk to me, if you really cared for this fellow McRoy—"

"What? You don't believe that, do you?"

"Well— I know how I felt, after I left you. If you felt the same way you might have done anything."

"You didn't think I'd let a man buy my clothes, did you?"

"That didn't seem natural," he admitted. "But I supposed you'd figured it out some way to yourself; and whatever way you'd figured it out would be all right, for you. . . . Ann! You—you mean it isn't true?"

"I can never tell anybody it isn't," she said. "The general public, I mean; but you—" She told him all about it; and as she talked, she could see an immense load of depression lifting from him. It had hurt him; it would hurt any man. . . . But at last he laughed.

"Yes. I see how you felt, Ann. Getting in deeper every step—and never able to get out decently— Well, what the hell? You know and I know; and none of your friends will care much. And even if they do, it doesn't matter. Ann—" He held out his arms.

"No!" she said wildly. "Bill, you—"

Home, Sweeter Home

Continued from page 13

And when I asked Mayor LaGuardia how much money he would seek from the government for this purpose of clearing away the slums of New York, he answered:

"All I can get. Why not? What better use can the government make of its credit? It is pouring millions now into public works from which it can never get a return and which will have to be paid for in the end by the taxpayers. That may be all right, but only because we are in a depression. But every dollar the government puts into housing will be a sound investment."

That's all right for New York and Detroit and Chicago and a few big cities, says the man in the small town, but the whole country will pay the bills. No. The bills will be paid by the tenants, the very people who are paying for the rotting tenements they now live in. But the whole country will feel the impetus of a revival of the building industry, for brick and plaster and cement and lumber and hardware and fixtures are made all over the country.

No Monopoly

What is more, New York and Detroit and Chicago have no patent right on slums. Every little town has its own slum deformity. Miss Edith Elmer Wood, who has spent years studying city slums, told me that in practically every American town from 20 to 40 per cent of the housing ought to be destroyed.

I spent several days in Washington eating breakfast, lunch and dinner with busy Robert D. Kohn, who has been named to carry forward this great adventure. He is one of America's leading architects, was president of the American Institute of Architects, has built some of the great buildings of New York and was in charge of housing operations of the government during the war. He told me of the government's great plans.

One of them dealt with a smaller city like Atlanta. This is a fine example of intelligent planning. Remember, slum clearance is one thing; housing is another. It is a good thing to destroy a slum even if the people who once lived

you can't trust a thing like that. I mean— I was almost engaged to another man, up to about ten minutes ago. I thought I loved him—"

So now he had to listen to another story.

"Uh!" he said. "Well, after the way we parted, I can't blame you. I see how you felt—how you feel now, for that matter. No wonder you want to go slow. . . . But that's no reason why we can't go out and get some dinner, is it?"

"No reason at all," she said, with a lilt in her voice. "Wait till I slick myself up a bit." He was sniffing curiously; the fragrance of Helen's Shalimar still scented the air.

"I ALWAYS did like that scent you wear," he told her, and she burst into hysterical laughter.

"Oh, Bill dear! And I used to think that things like that mattered! . . . No, never mind what I mean; it doesn't matter what I mean. But—but don't touch me just now; you see how I feel—"

But she knew how she was going to feel in a day or so; and she had a warming, sustaining confidence that he saw that too.

there must find homes elsewhere. Already in New York's East Side the famous old "Lung Block" has been razed. In place of the old tenements will rise a handsome apartment. But at least a huddle of germ-infested rookeries that have poisoned two generations of workers have disappeared forever. In Atlanta there is a slum—a streak of squalor running through ten blocks right off a main street. Ramshackle Negro shanties disfigure the land and deform the tenants. About \$3,000,000 will be used to clear away these tumbling shacks and to build 2,000 rooms arranged into handsome, roomy little flats renting at \$6.50 a room for clerks, teachers and some students from Georgia Tech.

But what will become of the Negroes who now inhabit the shacks? Who will build homes for them? Nobody. Who can build homes for people who have no funds to pay rent? So the government, as part of a complete plan, will arrange to place these tenants on a subsistence homestead outside the city where they will have decent living quarters, land to raise their own food and an opportunity to work.

A little distance away another Atlanta slum which houses 800 Negro families will be wiped out. But these people are able to pay rent. Over a million dollars will be invested in 800 modern, fireproof houses with every requirement of decent living and renting at from \$13.50 to \$15 for three rooms.

"This great program will cover the country," Mr. Kohn told me. He had just returned to Washington from a trip which took him to many cities. "Over 300 cities have brought their plans to us. Everywhere towns are studying their problem, which means they are aware of one of our most serious city diseases—the blight. Cities have grown at the center where business is and on their perimeters—the outer suburban rims. Between that core and that outer prosperous circumference they have tended to die. The people who built the older homes have moved to the suburbs. The poorer people have moved in.

"From then on repairs end, neglect assumes dominion. Factories abandon their city quarters to move to the sub-

urbs and a black spot surrounded by empty houses in progressive disarray succeeds. This is the blight which devours the best and most convenient real estate of the town. Every town has its infection of blight.

"Every town can be a part of our housing plans. The big cities like New York and Cleveland and Chicago have great plans afoot. But smaller cities as well will feel the stimulus of this immense national enterprise. Richmond, Virginia, wants to build its Sunshine Gardens.

More Room to Live

"Leading citizens plan to destroy a slum less than a mile from the city's center and build low-cost houses on 15 acres for 296 families. In Cincinnati we have approved a plan for building 572 apartments on ten acres with only a fourth of the land covered by buildings, the rest in gardens and parks. This will cost \$2,380,000.

"We have allocated funds for a project to cost over \$5,000,000 in Indianapolis and another to cost \$168,000 in Raleigh. We have approved a splendid plan for Cleveland, sponsored by three public-spirited, limited-dividend housing corporations made up of leading citizens. It will cost \$14,000,000. But in little Hutchinson, Kansas, we have fathered a modest program to build twenty individual four- and five-room houses to rent for around thirty dollars a month. Even the faraway Virgin Islands will have their share."

Then Mr. Kohn told me of the appeal made to the federal housing authority by my friend, Governor Paul Pearson. I was not surprised to hear that Governor Pearson, a man of great ability and true humility, brought to Washington not merely an appeal but an idea. He said he wanted \$60,000 to build 100 two-room cottages. "Why two-room houses?" he was asked.

"Because," he replied, "the people now live in one-room cabins. I want to add another room to the life of each family. I want to add to their lives the spiritual and mental expansion which one more room for living will give them. If I can get each of these hundred families to accustom themselves to needing an additional room, I can lift the whole standard and tone of their lives." That's good policy for the Virgin Islands. It's good policy for New York and Chicago and Cleveland and Hutchinson and Raleigh.

If all this sounds a little modern and

excessively progressive to Americans, perhaps we need to be reminded that in this business of housing we are hopelessly behind our age. Belgium has been doing this for the last fifty years. That little country housed 63,000 families with government money before the war. Near Brussels the visitor will find half a dozen beautiful garden suburbs for her workers.

Holland has been at it for decades. In Amsterdam the municipal authorities have built many hundreds of low-cost homes. The rents cover only 90 per cent of the maintenance cost. The city pays the rest.

In Cologne about 21,000 homes have been built by the city since the war, while in Vienna, after the war, an extensive program was carried out. In America the tenant must pay at least a quarter of what he earns for housing. In Vienna he pays only two per cent.

Paris wiped out her old slums on the left bank over twenty years ago and now the handsome Boulevard Raspaille runs through the district which once housed the famous but disorderly and impecunious Bohemians of Paris.

All Except Us

Italy had built over 100,000 workers' homes before the war. At present she will advance three quarters of the cost of workers' housing projects. The London County Council has built 25,000 workers' cottages and the national government subsidizes outright any local government for slum clearance. It will pay around \$12 a year for forty years to any city for every family removed from a slum house.

America alone has looked with complacency upon her slums. And our slums have been among the worst in the world. Believe it or not, you will have to go to the Near East or to Egypt or Northern Africa to find slums comparable to ours. I have searched London and Paris and Rome and, for that matter, even Naples, for the counterpart of New York's East Side, without finding it. But I found it in Cairo and in Constantinople and in Tunis and Algiers. Is it not time to end this shame, particularly when, as we do it, we can help to lift ourselves from our present difficulties?

How is all this to be done? Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who has been entrusted by President Roosevelt with the whole Public Works program, of

which housing forms a part, outlined the great plan:

"We have organized a corporation called the Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation. The incorporators were Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Mr. Robert D. Kohn and myself. The government owns the stock. The corporation has a capital of \$100,000,000 to start with. Here's what it will do:

1. "It will lend money to any private corporation which will undertake to clear away slums or build houses for workers at low cost.

2. "It will lend to cities, states, counties for the same purpose.

3. "Where private corporations or cities cannot raise the necessary equities, the Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation will do the job alone—will buy the land, make the plans, engage the contractors, supply the money and operate the apartments when built.

"But we want to cooperate with local governments and public-spirited citizens. The opportunity to secure much-needed housing is a golden one. And we cannot wait for sluggish local governments, often handicapped by local real estate dealers with no vision. We hope to speed up housing in localities where private or public bodies are having difficulty getting started. Unhappily, too often the localities haven't got the money.

"But we appeal to all state legislatures to set up housing authorities, to make surveys of local needs, to organize projects. And if we have to build them, then later these state or local bodies can take over the management of them for the government."

This \$100,000,000 appropriation is just a beginning. It is the hope of those behind this movement that Congress will make available many more hundreds of millions. The N. R. A. economists have estimated that at least four billion dollars could be used in this fashion.

Will it pay? Can these housing projects be made to pay their way? I asked that question of Mr. George Gove, of the New York State Housing Commission, who knows more about this subject than any man I know. He pointed to the experience of New York City:

A Permanent Achievement

"We have a number of projects in New York developed under the authority of the New York Housing Law. Four of them are cooperative, like the Amalgamated Housing Corporation organized by the clothing workers, and five of them were organized by public-spirited citizens. All are limited-dividend corporations. But last year, which brought so much grief to private landlords, saw all these projects paying their way and even making small profits. What is more, they had these profits after doing what the ordinary landlord never thinks of doing—putting aside funds for depreciation and renovation.

"In Brooklyn Gardens, near the Navy Yard, after a liberal allowance for depreciation and renovation, the company had a surplus of \$15,000 after paying a dividend of 4.8 per cent. The Amalgamated, five years old, put aside \$60,000 for its depreciation fund, \$18,436 for renovation, reduced rentals by one month's rent to tenants and had a surplus of \$257."

This is a great civilized social enterprise, which is economically sound. It will bring lasting benefits to every city in the land that is awake to its opportunity now. And, aside from its permanent social fruits, it will do more than any other one thing to put men back to work on useful and productive jobs.



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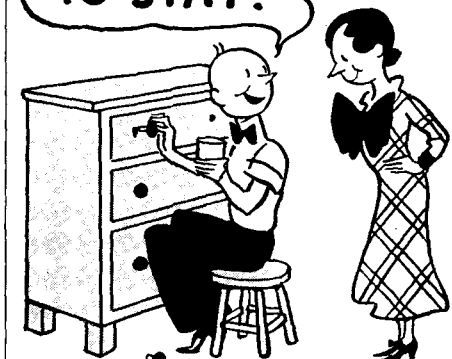


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Frank Owen

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The Lemon Drop Kid

Continued from page 9

general store and gas station, and while he is sitting there thinking of how nice and quiet and restful this town seems to be, with pleasant shade trees, and white houses all around and about, he sees standing in the doorway of a very little white house across the street from the store, in a gingham dress, the most beautiful young doll that ever lives, and I know this is true, because The Lemon Drop Kid tells me so afterwards.

This doll has brown hair hanging down her back, and her smile is so wonderful that when an old pappy guy with a goatee comes out of the store to sell a guy in a flivver some gas, The Lemon Drop Kid hauls off and asks him if he can use a clerk.

Well, it seems that the old guy can, at that, because it seems that a former clerk, a guy by the name of Pilloe, recently lays down and dies on the old guy from age and malnutrition, and so this is how The Lemon Drop Kid comes to be planted in Kibbsville, and clerking in Martin Potter's store for the next couple of years, at ten bobs per week.

And furthermore, this is how The Lemon Drop Kid meets up with Miss Alicia Deering, who is nobody but the beautiful little doll that The Lemon Drop Kid sees standing in the doorway of the little house across the street.

She lives in this house with her papa, her mamma being dead a long time, and her papa is really nothing but an old bum who dearly loves his applejack, and who is generally around with a good heat on. His first name is Jonas, and he is a house painter by trade but he seldom feels like doing any painting, as he claims he never really recovers from a terrible backache he gets when he is in the Spanish-American War with the First New York, so Miss Alicia Deering supports him by dealing them off her arm in the Commercial Hotel.

BUT although The Lemon Drop Kid now works for a very great old skinflint who even squawks about The Lemon Drop Kid's habit of filling his side pocket now and then with lemon drops out of a jar on the shelf in the store, The Lemon Drop Kid is very happy, for the truth of the matter is he loves Miss Alicia Deering, and it is the first time in his life he ever loves anybody, or anything. And furthermore, it is the first time in his life The Lemon Drop Kid is living quietly, and in peace, and not losing sleep trying to think of ways of cheating somebody.

In fact, The Lemon Drop Kid now looks back on his old life with great repugnance, for he can see that it is by no means the proper life for any guy, and sometimes he has half a mind to write to his former associates who may still be around telling the tale, and request them to mend their ways, only The Lemon Drop Kid does not wish these old associates to know where he is.

He never as much as peeks at a racing sheet nowadays, and he spends all his spare time with Miss Alicia Deering, which is not so much time, at that, as old Martin Potter does not care to see his employees loafing between the hours of 6 A. M. and 10 P. M., and neither does the Commercial Hotel. But one day in the spring, when the apple blossoms are blooming in these parts, and the air is chock-a-block with perfume, and the grass is getting nice and green, The Lemon Drop Kid speaks of his love to Miss Alicia Deering, stating that it is such a love that he can scarcely eat.

Well, Miss Alicia Deering states that she reciprocates this love one hundred

per cent, and then The Lemon Drop Kid suggests they get married up immediately, and she says she is in favor of the idea, only she can never think of leaving her papa, who has no one else in all this world but her, and while this is a little more extra weight than The Lemon Drop Kid figures on picking up, he says his love is so terrific he can even stand for her papa, too.

So they are married, and go to live in the little house across the street from Martin Potter's store with Miss Alicia Deering's papa.

When he marries Miss Alicia Deering, The Lemon Drop Kid has a bank roll of one hundred and eighteen dollars, including the C note he takes off of Rarus P. Griggsby, and eighteen bobs that he saves out of his salary from Martin Potter in a year, and three nights after the marriage, Miss Alicia Deering's papa sniffs out where The Lemon Drop Kid plants his roll and sneezes same. Then he goes on a big applejack toot, and spends all the dough.

BUT in spite of everything, including old man Deering, The Lemon Drop Kid and Miss Alicia Deering are very, very happy in the little house for about a year, especially when it seems that Miss Alicia Deering is going to have a baby, although this incident compels her to stop dealing them off the arm at the Commercial Hotel, and cuts down their resources.

Now one day, Miss Alicia Deering comes down with a great illness, and it is such an illness as causes old Doc Abernathy, the local croaker, to wag his head, and to state that it is beyond him, and that the only chance for her is to send her to a hospital in New York City where the experts can get a crack at her. But by this time, what with all his overhead, The Lemon Drop Kid is as clean as a jaybird, and he has no idea where he can get his dukes on any money in these parts, and it will cost a couple of C's, for low, to do what Doc Abernathy suggests.

Finally, The Lemon Drop Kid asks old Martin Potter if he can see his way clear to making him an advance on his salary, which still remains ten bobs per week, but Martin Potter laughs, and says he not only cannot see his way clear to doing such a thing, but that if conditions do not improve he is going to cut The Lemon Drop Kid off altogether. Furthermore, about this time the guy who owns the little house drops around and reminds The Lemon Drop Kid that he is now in arrears for two months' rent, amounting in all to twelve bobs, and if The Lemon Drop Kid is not able to meet this obligation shortly, he will have to vacate.

So one way and another The Lemon Drop Kid is in quite a quandary, and Miss Alicia Deering is getting worse by the minute, and finally The Lemon Drop Kid hoofs and hitch-hikes a matter of maybe a hundred and fifty miles to New York City, with the idea of going out to Belmont Park, where the giddy-aps are now running, figuring he may be able to make some kind of a scratch around there, but he no sooner lights on Broadway than he runs into a guy he knows by the name of Short Boy, and this Short Boy pulls him into a doorway, and says to him like this:

"Listen, Lemon Drop," Short Boy says, "I do not know what it is you do to old Rarus P. Griggsby, and I do not wish to know, but it must be something terrible, indeed, as he has every elbow around the race tracks laying for you for the past couple of years. You know

Rarus P. Griggsby has great weight around these tracks, and you must commit murder the way he is after you. Why," Short Boy says, "only last week over in Maryland, Whitey Jordan, the track copper, asks me if ever I hear of you, and I tell him I understand you are in Australia. Keep away from the tracks," Short Boy says, "or you will wind up in the clink."

So The Lemon Drop Kid hoofs and hitch-hikes back to Kibbsville, as he does not wish to become involved in any trouble at this time, and the night he gets back home is the same night a masked guy with a big six pistol in his duke steps into the lobby of the Commercial Hotel and sticks up the night clerk and half a dozen citizens who are sitting around in the lobby, including old Jonas Deering, and robs the damper of over sixty bobs, and it is also the same night that Miss Alicia Deering's baby is born dead, and old Doc Abernathy afterwards claims that it is all because the experts cannot get a crack at Miss Alicia Deering a matter of about twelve hours earlier.

And it is along in the morning after this night, around four bells, that Miss Alicia Deering finally opens her eyes, and sees The Lemon Drop Kid sitting beside her bed in the little house, crying very hard, and it is the first time The Lemon Drop Kid is leveling with his crying since the time one of the attendants in the orphans' asylum in Jersey City gives him a good belting years before.

Then Miss Alicia Deering motions to The Lemon Drop Kid to bend down so she can whisper to him, and what Miss Alicia Deering whispers, soft and low, is the following:

"Do not cry, Kid," she whispers. "Be a good boy after I am gone, Kid, and never forget I love you, and take good care of poor papa."

And then Miss Alicia Deering closes her eyes for good and all, and The Lemon Drop Kid sits there beside her, watching her face until some time later he hears a noise at the front door of the little house, and he opens the door to find old Sheriff Higginbotham waiting there, and after they stand looking at each other a while, the sheriff speaks as follows:

"Well, son," Sheriff Higginbotham says, "I am sorry, but I guess you will have to come along with me. We find the vinegar barrel spigot wrapped in tin foil that you use for a gun in the back yard here where you throw it last night."

"All right," The Lemon Drop Kid says. "All right, Sheriff. But how do you come to think of me in the first place?"

"Well," Sheriff Higginbotham says, "I do not suppose you recall doing it, and the only guy in the hotel lobby that notices it is nobody but your papa-in-law, Jonas Deering, but," he says, "while you are holding your home-made pistol with one hand last night, you reach into the side pocket of your coat with the other hand and take out a lemon drop and pop it into your mouth."

I RUN into The Lemon Drop Kid out on the lawn at Hialeah in Miami last winter, and I am sorry to see that the twoer he does in Auburn leaves plenty of lines in his face, and a lot of gray in his hair.

But of course I do not refer to this, nor do I mention that he is the subject of considerable criticism from many citizens for turning over to Miss Alicia

"I Deserved
a Sour
Stomach



But TUMS Kept My Stomach Sweet"

I ADMIT I was indiscreet at the party last night. I had far too much to eat, smoked too much. But I feel fine today. Not a hint of sour stomach. No acid indigestion, not a trace of heartburn. Here's the secret: After the dinner I ate three or four Tums—those delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Millions now use Tums. Only 10c, all drug stores.



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Deering's papa a purse of three C's that we raise to pay a mouthpiece for his defense.

Furthermore, I do not tell The Lemon Drop Kid that he is also criticized in some quarters for his action while in the sneezer at Auburn in sending the old guy the few bobs he is able to gather in by making and selling knickknacks of one kind and another to visitors, until finally Jonas Deering saves him any more bother by up and passing away of too much applejack.

The way I look at it, every guy knows his own business best, so I only duke The Lemon Drop Kid, and say I am glad to see him, and we are standing there carving up a few old scores, when all of a sudden there is a great commotion and out of the crowd around us on the lawn comes an old guy with a big white mouser, and bristly white eyebrows, and as he grabs The Lemon Drop Kid by the arm, I am somewhat surprised to see that it is nobody but old Rarus P. Griggsby, without his wheel chair, and to hear him speak as follows:

"Well, well, well, well!" Rarus P. Griggsby says to The Lemon Drop Kid. "At last I find you," he says. "Where are you hiding all these years? Do you not know I have detectives looking for you high and low because I wish to pay you the reward I offer for anybody curing me of my arthritis? Yes,"

Rarus P. Griggsby says, "the medicine you give me at Saratoga which tastes like a lemon drop, works fine, although," he says, "my seven doctors all try to tell me it is nothing but their efforts finally getting in their work, while the city of Saratoga is attempting to cut in and claim credit for its waters.

"But," Rarus P. Griggsby says, "I know it is your medicine, and if it is not your medicine, it is your scallawagery that makes me so hot that I forget my arthritis, and never remember it since, so it is all one and the same thing. Anyway, you now have forty-nine hundred dollars coming from me, for of course I must hold out the hundred out of which you swindle me," he says.

WELL, The Lemon Drop Kid stands looking at Rarus P. Griggsby and listening to him, and finally The Lemon Drop Kid begins to laugh in his low voice, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, but somehow there does not seem to be any laughter in the laugh, and I cannot bear to hear it, so I move away leaving Rarus P. Griggsby and The Lemon Drop Kid there together.

I look back only once, and I see The Lemon Drop Kid stop laughing long enough to take a lemon drop out of the side pocket of his coat and pop it into his mouth, and then he goes on laughing, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

The Man who Remembers Too Much

Continued from page 20

politics, Jim is a hard-boiled accountant. According to his critics, he still holds grudges against leaders and organizations which did not fall into line for Mr. Roosevelt "before Chicago," refusing to recognize penitents whose conversion dates from the campaign. This policy, which is admittedly alienating powerful figures and factions, is attributed to his training in Tammany, where the cardinal sins are irregularity and ingratitude, and the sufferers from it insist that the codes and creeds of New York politics will not work well on a nation-wide scale.

He does not seem to comprehend or sympathize with the spacious, tolerant spirit of the Progressive West, which permits men like Ickes and Wallace to leap from one party to another without so much as saying goodbye, or the independent urge of legislative free-lancers, who praise a presidential policy one day and condemn another one the next day.

A Scramble for Spoils

He believes in disciplining members of Congress who speak or vote against the Administration whether they do so out of the cussedness which motivates Huey P. Long or the sincerity which animates Bennett Clark of Missouri. His favorite reading is an extra copy of Congressional roll calls, and he refreshes his memory each time a member bobs up.

In sections where politics has been a closely and rigidly incorporated matter since long before Mr. Farley appeared on the national scene, he has pursued a more amazing course. In states as ridden with personal politics as Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Illinois and Indiana, for instance, he has not recognized the regular organization leaders, and he has not cooperated with certain influential senators, representatives, governors and national committeemen. He has rebuffed factions associated with such distinguished Democrats as Mr. Smith, Gov. Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, Gov. Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland,

James Reed of Missouri and many others. He has antagonized the strong vote-getting machines of Boston, New York and Chicago, and by refusing to back Tammany's mayoralty candidates last fall, he violated his own code that "organization" regularity is a prerequisite to reward. Although he may have his own reasons, and sufficient reasons, for these theories of political selectivity, many prominent Democrats ask whether it would not have been wiser, more expedient, to "forgive and forget."

Jim, in their opinion, has been too brusque in his neglect of the amenities. He bounced into the midst of the repeal fight as if he had just discovered the Volstead Act, and some think that his activity antagonized many Republican wets by giving the campaign the appearance of a Democratic affair. He has often announced appointments without consulting interested politicians in advance, and they got their first knowledge of it from the newspaper headlines. On one notable occasion he announced the filling of an important office in a platform speech, and the beneficiary almost collapsed from the shock of surprise. So did the politicians present, who had been trying to get the job for somebody they considered more deserving.

Patronage, to most people, is simply a selfish scramble for spoils, and so it may be in normal years. But there are more important considerations involved at the present time, due to the curious alignment of forces which elected the Administration, to the Democrats' 12-year exile from office, and to the great number of unemployed. Though they may be only "corporals of disaster," some Democratic partisans fear that, unless the Roosevelt program brings recovery on a large scale, thereby effacing party lines and prejudices in 1936 and in next fall's Congressional contests, the method of handling patronage and allied problems may result in reverses at the polls.

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Man to Man

HOWEVER you view his policies, Franklin D. Roosevelt has unquestionably made a grand success of his personal relations with all kinds and conditions of men. No President in memory has shown greater skill in dealing with people. This capacity for friendship and human understanding has been of enormous importance during the past eleven months. Lacking Mr. Roosevelt's gracious gift, our journey on the road back to recovery would have been rougher and more filled with anxiety.

As we look over the tumultuous events of recent months, the fact that the President has been able to espouse so many new causes without provoking bitter hostility is amazing. Many differ from him on broad matters of principle and policy but he has avoided making personal enemies. This is a great triumph.

During the last year of Woodrow Wilson's administration, William Howard Taft, a friendly enemy, said ironically that if President Wilson wanted to make more enemies in Congress he would have to employ someone else to do it. Already in Mr. Taft's observation President Wilson had made as many enemies as one man could accumulate.

History will doubtless prefer Wilson's side of the controversy with Congress but the fact is that the controversy prevented action.

The relationship of Warren G. Harding to Congress was largely negative, but even as canny a man as Calvin Coolidge found it impossible to maintain agreeable personal relations with representatives and senators. Herbert Hoover's difficulties were tragic. Whatever a Congress could do was generally done to arouse Mr. Hoover's temper.

Up until now Franklin D. Roosevelt has escaped this difficulty. Friendship has eased his path and well served the nation. A suc-

cess as conspicuous as this cannot reasonably be attributed to chance or to a remarkably attractive personality. Undoubtedly Mr. Roosevelt has worked and worked intelligently for what he has gotten in friendly coöperation.

The secret of his achievement may be found in his accessibility. Mr. Roosevelt has not received merely those whose views are similar to his own. He has repeatedly had as his guests men who disapproved sharply the Administration's apparent policies. The important thing is that he has been able to discuss controversial matters with opponents and to retain their good will.

The result is that nowhere has any hostility been developed. Bankers dislike parts of the Administration's program but no representative bankers have a personal feud with the President. Most of them like him as a man.

Manufacturers are not happy over a number of items of the New Deal. Some of the professors seem to them to be as safe as children playing with matches. But organized industry and organized commerce are not hostile to Franklin D. Roosevelt. On the contrary, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and even the highly conservative National Association of Manufacturers have supported some of his policies and have adopted a generally friendly attitude.

Similarly, farmers and organized labor have proved their confidence in Franklin Roosevelt. Farm strikes have not gone far because the President was personally too popular with farmers. Labor leaders have disagreed with some of the Roosevelt program but have not quarreled with the man.

So it is generally. In this widespread popularity and understanding lies the explanation of the President's success with Congress.

Congressmen have not really quarreled with Franklin Roosevelt because congressmen are actually representative. They perceive the President's popularity with different classes. They prefer to share that popularity rather than to risk opposing it.

Mr. Roosevelt's success with Congress derives from his success with public opinion. Representatives and senators would change quickly enough if they thought public opinion had shifted and it would benefit them to quarrel.

The radio has, of course, been extraordinarily useful to President Roosevelt. He has the voice and the temperament to make the radio serve his purposes. Constantly he has needed a sustaining public opinion. Whenever he has stated his case and appealed for public understanding, the response has been immediate.

But, after all, the radio is only a gadget for transmitting sound. A man with the wrong kind of words can as quickly make himself objectionable over the radio as over the telephone or face to face. Mr. Roosevelt makes friends through his radio speeches because the audience believes in the honesty, the sincerity and the friendliness of the speaker.

This belief in the sincerity and friendliness of the President is the firm foundation of his accomplishments today. It is a good and solid foundation for any human relationship.

In years to come other men will gather great followings through radio speeches. Unless human nature changes we shall have the customary quota of demagogues and shy-sters, of charlatans who trade in prejudice and hatred, of half-wits and scoundrels. It will be reassuring then to remember that the first President to utilize the radio as an instrument of government made his honest appeal to all men of good will.



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